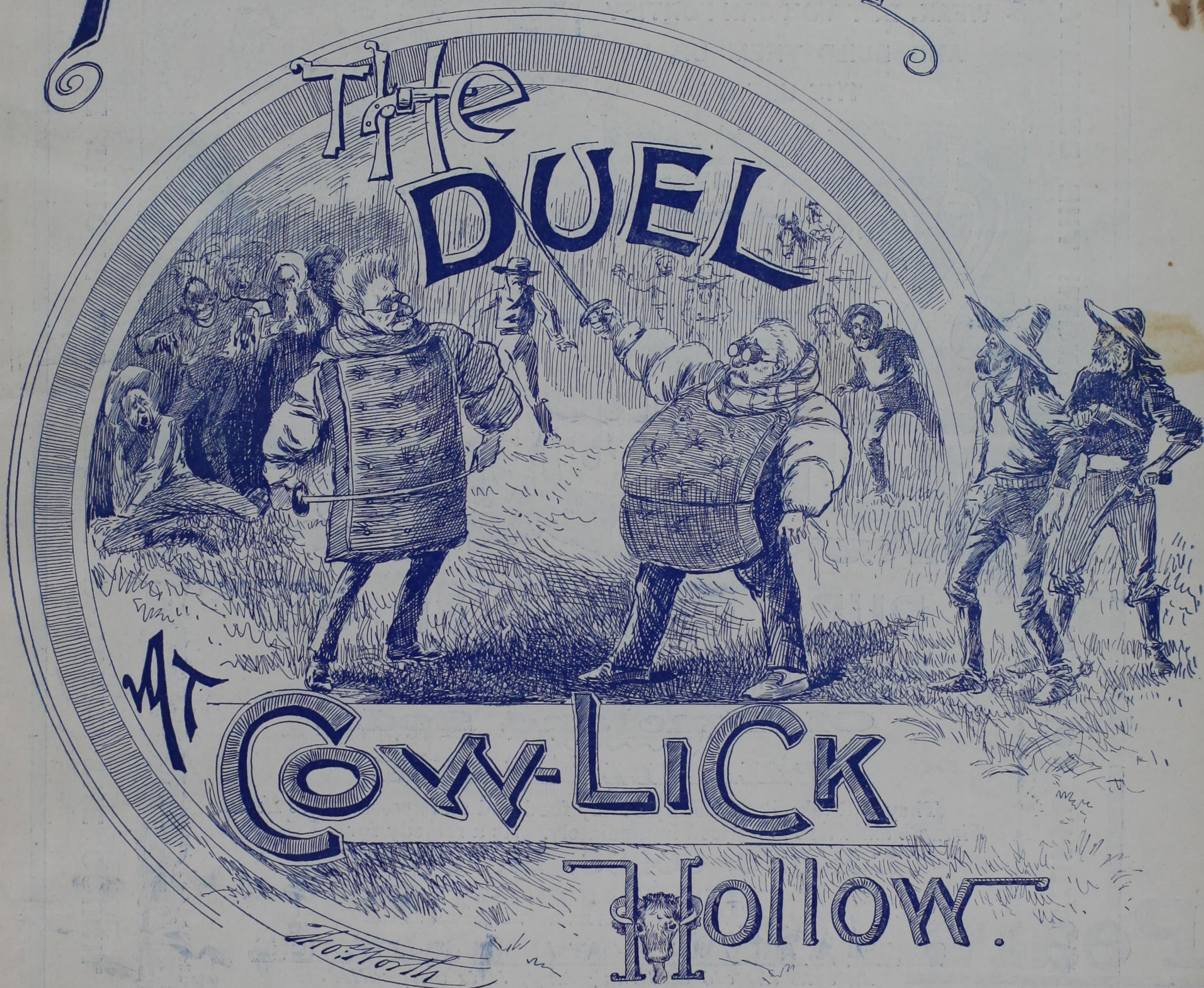


# Texas Siftings.

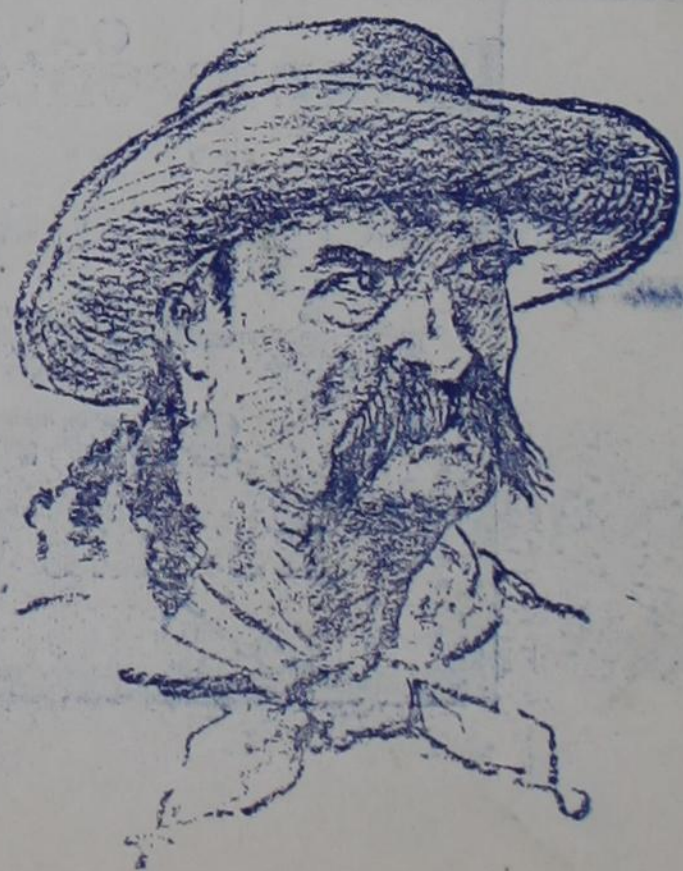
## Fall Number



SEE POEM INSIDE



Price 10<sup>cts</sup>





Caution--Beware of Imitations. The Genuine  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION** is put up only in Salmon Color Wrapper.

**SOME CHILDREN  
 GROWING TOO FAST**

BECOME LISTLESS, FRETFUL,  
 WITHOUT ENERGY, THIN AND  
 WEAK, BUT YOU CAN FORTIFY  
 AND BUILD THEM UP, BY  
 THE USE OF



RESTORES TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH THE DEBILITATED.

**SCOTT'S  
 EMULSION**

HEALS THE THROAT AND LUNGS AND CURES THE COUGH.

OF  
**PURE COD LIVER OIL**  
 AND  
**HYPOPHOSPHITES**  
 Of Lime and Soda.

**PALATABLE AS MILK.**

*They will take it as readily as any food and an improvement in Health,  
 Strength and Flesh is noticed immediately. As a remedy for*

**COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS,  
 CONSUMPTION,**

**SCROFULA, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS.**

*In both the old and the young, it is unequalled.*

**CAUTION:** Beware of imitations. Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon Color Wrapper.

**SOLD BY DRUGGISTS ALL OVER THE WORLD.**

*SCOTT & BOWNE, Manufacturing Chemists.*

**NEW YORK, LONDON, BELLEVILLE, MILAN, BARCELONA, OPORTO.**

AS PALATABLE AS MILK

**SCOTT'S EMULSION** is put up only in Salmon Color Wrapper.

Be sure you get the genuine--Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, N. Y.

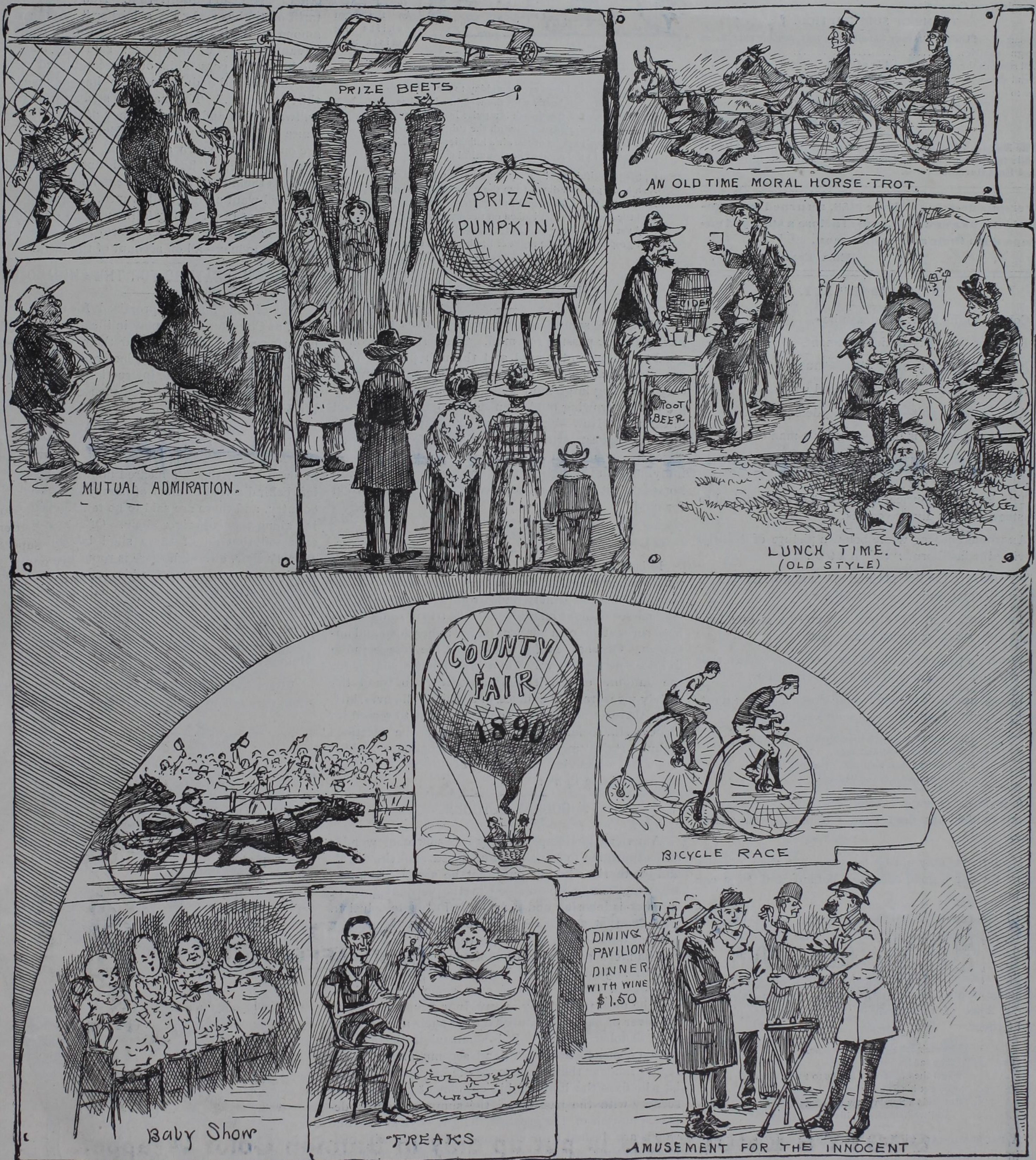


# Texas Siftings.

VOL. 13—No. 25.  
Copyrighted 1890, by Texas Siftings Pub. Co.

NEW YORK AND LONDON, OCTOBER 18, 1890.

10 Cents a Copy.  
\$4 per year in Advance.



EVOLUTION OF THE COUNTY FAIR.

THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.



# Texas Siftings.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second Class Mail Matter.

ALEX. E. SWEET,  
A. MINER GRISWOLD, } Editors.

J. ARMOY KNOX, } Manager.  
A. A. BERGER, } Ass't Mgr.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 18, 1890.

TEXAS SIFTINGS can be obtained wholesale at all wholesale News Depots and at 10 cents a copy on all News Stands.  
TEXAS SIFTINGS will be supplied to Newsdealers by any of the wholesale News Companies.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any part of the United States or Canada, one year, postage paid, \$4 00  
Foreign countries..... 75c. extra  
All subscriptions must be paid in advance.  
Send money by express money order, post-office order or registered letter to

TEXAS SIFTINGS PUBLISHING CO.,  
47 John Street, New York.

The English edition of Texas Siftings is printed and published weekly in London, at the office of the Texas Siftings Publishing Co., 4 East Harding Street.

Persons desiring to have MSS. returned or communications answered, must inclose a stamped envelope with their address thereon.

Eds. Texas Siftings.

## IN "A. MINER" KEY.

COMING to the front—the cash boy.  
FOOD for thought—brain nutriment.  
NEVER A. Ward politician—Artemus.  
A SWELL dinner—dried apples and water.  
AN unpopular gait—the walking dele-gate.  
A MESSENGER BOY is in training for a man of wait.  
AN appropriate crew for a jolly boat—rowers of laughter.  
THE late Mr. Boucicault contributed a great deal to the stage and the divorce courts.  
AN irreverent wag wrote below a picture of Gabriel blowing the last horn, "Off on a toot."  
"FORWARD, the light brigade!" is almost as fatal to electric linemen as it was at Balaklava.  
THE young man who studiously cultivates one long finger nail, rarely cultivates much else.  
THE high price of ice provokes so many jokes that you will find an ice wag-on nearly every paper.  
WHEN the shark money lender closes a chattel mortgage, he won't even let a sick man keep his bed.

They polled the town to ascertain  
The drinkers old and sage,  
And learned than men who drink old rye  
Had reached a rye-polled age.

A SPRINKLE of water is often reviving, but many an Indian fighter has died from too much Rain-in-the-Face.

MOSQUITOES may not be lawyers, but they practice before the bar a good deal, and behind it if they can get in.

"I AM accused of possessing talent," said a conceited man. "If you are ever tried you'll be acquitted," replied one who knew him.

CLEVELAND got off a good thing the other day. Someone in his presence called Dana, of the New York Sun, "Ajax of the press." "Why use the plural?" said Grover.

The melancholy days are come,  
The saddest of the year;  
When the old farmer hastes to town  
To get his Sunday beer,  
But finds a Sunday law instead,  
And walks home on his ear.

A PROFESSIONAL violinist had his portrait painted, violin in hand. His little boy was asked what he thought of it, and he replied: "It looks very like pa about the fiddle."

MENTION is made of a London man who won a wager by retaining a serious face while a noted wag was firing a dozen jokes at him. If the jokes were from Punch the man had a walk-over.

## HER BEAUTIFUL EYES.



the clouds from the skies—  
So I stand in the dawn of her beautiful eyes.

And her beautiful eyes are as midday to me,  
When the lily-bell bends with the weight of the bee,  
And the throat of the thrush is a pulse in the heat,  
And the senses are drugged with the subtle and sweet  
And delicious breaths of the air's lullabies—  
So I swoon in the noon of her beautiful eyes.

O, her beautiful eyes! They have smitten mine own  
As a glory glanced down from the glare of the throne;  
And I reel, and I falter and fall, as afar  
Fell the shepherds that looked on the mystical star,  
And yet dazed in the tidings that bade them arise—  
So I grope through the night of her beautiful eyes.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## THE PASSION FOR MUD.

It is said of some famous running horses that they have a frantic passion for mud. They run fast on a good track, but in the mud and through puddles they are always ahead. They want the stimulation not only of feeling large mud pies slapping them as they go, but of throwing mud from seven to ten rods in all directions. Now—but what is the use? We were about to suggest certain New Yorkers, a few San Franciscans, some Hong Kongers and a few isolated individuals in Chicago as proof by example that race-horses do not enjoy a monopoly of the frantic passion for mud.

## THE SOCIETY PAPER.

It is a sad event when a sickly little society paper published in some ambitious town goes under. Then the visit of some society dude from a neighboring village passes without mention, and the trip of somebody's head servant girl on a hoss-car passes unheralded and unknown. Of what use for the wife of the village judge to look "perfectly lovely" in a blue pongee silk, or for the daughter of the leading apothecary to tread the stately measure of the dance in a white tulle overskirt, when there is no longer a society journal to record it? Henceforth, society must depend upon the facetious and uncertain "mentioning" of their local paper, which has a way of mixing up society events with obituary notices and dog fights.

## GOLDEN OCTOBER.

American landscape scenery is a source of wonder and admiration to travelers from all parts of the world, and the tourist who imagines that he sees it at its best advantage when it is clothed in the verdant garb of summer, is laboring under a most unfortunate delusion. The idea that nature excels in beauty in summer is a popular one. The glory of the year, according to poet and painter, comes with the soft and abundant leaves of June. James Russell Lowell, one of nature's own poets, says that in June, if ever, come perfect days. But the most perfect day in any June never set before the lover of nature's beauties a feast such as the hazy, crisp October spreads. It is doubtful if the autumn season comes to any other land accompanied with the regal grandeur that characterizes it here, and the tourist who fixes the limit of his enjoyment of American scenery with the passing of the summer months, deprives himself of the greatest delight of travel. The woods are dashed with crimson and purple, with mellow gold tints, and modest russet and brown, and with the most brilliant of scarlet hues. The trees that fringe the rivers cast rainbow-like reflections in the mirroring waters, and on the summits of the hills stand blazing maples, like pillars of fire. Where rocky ledges present their beetling fronts, many colored vines and mosses creep and cling, and foamy cataracts leap down their rugged beds, and send their voices far away on the

rare October air, and over all is a halo and a hush that charms. It is such scenery that our own Bierstadt loves to paint and in which he is most happy.

## ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THE TARIFF.

The new tariff law will be made an excuse for all manner of overcharging and extortion, with the single exception of cab drivers, who couldn't charge any more than they do now without provoking a riot. Tailors will advance their prices, but they are always doing that, anyhow. Restaurants will make the tariff on eggs an excuse for raising their rates, and the mixers of egg-nogg will probably do the same. Waiters will scorn tips that formerly were welcome, all on account of the tariff. A sharp boy caught another boy fastening a tomato can to a stray dog's tail. "Hi there!" he cried, "you can't afford that. Don't you know the tariff on tin has riz? Try a lobster." And so it goes among all the industries of life. "I don't want to take advantage of your ignorance," said the tramp, when the housewife passed him out a second-hand vest, "so I tell you that the duty on cloth has advanced about thirty per cent." The man who steals overcoats out of hallways demands more money of the "fence" because of the increased tariff. Even little errand boys are on to it, and scorn a fee that they were formerly glad to pocket. The increased duty on shoe leather compels them to advance the schedule, they say. Boys at school want a bigger allowance, clergymen expect a larger fee at the wedding (although the duty on brides remains about the same as before) and wives demand more pin money—all on account of the tariff.

## A NOVEL FEATURE FOR THE CHICAGO FAIR.

One of the features promised for the Columbian Fair, at Chicago, is a display in illustration of the prehistoric races of America and their works. Such an exhibit would possess a distinctively national interest and carry much valuable instruction with it. That the mound builders were a race of men quite distinct from the Indians found here by the earliest white settlers, and possessed of knowledge and intelligence superior to that of the so-called red-men, is pretty generally conceded now. They perished long before Columbus or even Lief Erikson appeared upon the scene. They left behind a vast number of mounds scattered over the country, and there are said to be ten thousand stretching along the Ohio river alone. Of course it cannot be expected that all of these shall be collected at the World's Fair, although there is room for a great many in the prairie wards of Chicago, but there may be samples of the more peculiar in miniature. The great serpent mound of Adams county, Ohio, might be reproduced, and serve both as an object lesson in the prehistoric history of America, and a warning to the intemperate.

WHAT some women are longing for is fewer seats in street cars and more in Congress.



## WEATHER NOTE.

The Mercury's Falling.



# The BROWN PAPER BAG



In this age of improvement, science every day makes longer strides than did the Giant of the Seven-Leagued Boots, who stalked through the fairy tales of our childhood.

Especially is this true in regard to medical science. Fifty years ago, how few remedies were known to repel disease, or restore health. To be sure, the "corn-sweat" was invaluable, and "boneset tea" has transmitted its bitterness down through the years, even to our quinine-eating generation; but patent medicines did not then fill the druggist's shelves and pocket-book to repletion, and thousands of the "purely vegetable" mineral medicines that are now fossilizing our digestive organs were then unknown. Daily some new idea dawns upon us, expensively powdered, fluidized, or sugar-coated, and the public body and mind, grown weary with tasting and testing, will be cheered to know, that, at last an antidote to pain has been discovered; an opiate, at once simple, easy to procure, inexpensive, and so intensely sedative in its effects that one moderate dose insures days, or even weeks of sleep and rest.

This boon to humanity was, of course, discovered accidentally, and is a common brown paper bag. The young girl who first tried this soothing food, developed such an infatuation for it, that she soon bought and devoured them by the dozen, and her sleep was proportionately long and sweet.

What a blessing is this discovery to you, oh, Benedict. Perhaps your wife has gone to a ball, and the teething twins awake and howl, as only twins can howl; you take them up with some remarks they are not educated enough to understand; you toss them up and catch them, seat them on your knees and shake them; reverse, and spank them; all to no avail. In desperation you cover them up in the cradle, not noticing that the feet of one, instead of its head, are upon the pillow; you rush wildly around for the soothing-syrup, but make a mistake and dose them with hair invigorator, which strangles, but does not quiet them. Suddenly you think of the brown paper bag, and for the next half hour you sit like a martyr, patiently chewing up bits of brown paper and stuffing them into each little mouth as it opens for a yell. Soon the exasperating infants are asleep, and you, in your heart of hearts, are blessing the inventor of that opiate.

Perhaps it is spring cleaning-time at your home, and you are literally swept, dusted, and scrubbed out of the house. You might just as well be a cobweb. Never mind; just eat a few dozen paper bags, crawl up into your own or your neighbor's hay-loft and take a few weeks' sleep, till the house turns right side out again.

It may be that you are an editor, your brain-power exhausted by labor with scissors and paste-pot. You have clipped Beautiful Snow from an exchange and thoughtlessly permitted it to be published in your columns, and now the multitudinous author of it has come in a mob for his pay. You have only a few hundred dollars with you and you do not wish to paralyze the business of the banks. You study whether you shall sacrifice some of your real estate to pay for the use of the poem, or take government bonds, railroad or mining stock for the purpose. You feel your hair growing gray under these, the lighter perplexities of editorial life; you catch sight of the brown paper bag in which you brought the two crackers for your noonday feast; you chew it as gleefully as you used to do in the old school days, when you frescoed the ceiling with paper wads, but now you swallow the sweet morsels, and Presto! Change! you fall asleep, and never awake till all

the spring poems have come and gone.

Perchance you are a poor man, deeply in debt. Creditors waylay you on the street; one grabs you as you dart around the corner to avoid meeting another; they lurk in the shrubbery in your garden, and when you lock yourself in your room one drops down the chimney and duns you. But you have a hidden store of paper bags. Get them quickly; eat them voraciously, and sleep until your creditors have forgotten you.

This new discovery is before the world, with many of its latent powers and possibilities as yet undreamed of. If used carefully and sparingly the supply will long exceed the demand. Economy would forbid us to use it when going to church, as it is then, of all times, an unnecessary luxury, although few know that the reason of the soporific tendencies of sermons is because they are generally written upon brown paper. Even editors and humorous writers sometimes injure their effusions by the same method, yet, in spite of all mistakes, in future years a grateful public may yet erect a monument to the inventor of the brown paper bag.

MARY A. BENSON.

## IN THE CHAIR.

Little Johnny—Pa, wasn't Washington the first man to sit in the Presidential chair?

Papa—He was.

And they call him the father of his country, don't they?

Yes; that's what they call him.

Well, isn't the grandmother of his country sitting there now?

Perhaps, my son, perhaps.

The man who declaims against railroads and says they ought to be wiped out, makes the biggest kind of a fuss when his train is five minutes late.

## WILL'S WIFE.

Will told us before he married her that she was just a "plain, off-hand country kind of a girl," with no style or nonsense about her, so we were not surprised when we met her. She wore her hair in the extreme of frowsy frizziness, and her dresses in the lankest fashion suggestive of Sara Bernhardt. She talked loud, and our souls were disquieted within us when, after a few days' acquaintance, she made herself familiar enough to break out in Methodist camp-meeting style, singing in an uncultured voice and rustic method, some old "by and by" hymn. It was painful, and it grew daily, "McGinty," and "Nearer my God" in the same strain. The quiet, after-dinner hour, so precious to city women, when the darkened rooms rest and refresh, was all unknown to Will's wife. She chose that hour to run the sewing-machine and sing, "I shall be satisfied." Ah, but we tried bravely not to let Will see that we were astonished, but it was hard to do.

Annie was her name. Her reply to the salutation, "How do you do?" was, "I do as I please when I can." She was always risky enough to "bet her bottom dollar," and she always asked "what's the matter" with doing whatever was proposed. Will looked plagued at the time of grandpa's funeral when we were talking about how we should go. Annie asked "how many rigs" the family would need. She never thought it worth while to put a hat on to walk a square down street. She didn't do it at Springvalley and saw no need of it in the city.

She had no end of crochet edging and all the numerous decorations with which many women enjoy themselves, and her room looked like a big sample case of holiday goods. Annie emphasized her statements with "and don't you forget it!" and her reply to ordinary questions was "You bet!" We groaned in the spirit over countless peculiarities, and the loud hymn tunes "went on forever."

But one day a terrible disaster occurred down town, one of those wholesale horrors which convulse a community, and the patrol wagons were carrying the crushed and bruised victims in every direction. A swift messenger came to our house to tell us that our Will was among the crushed and dying. And soon they brought the prostrate form which so short a time before had been bounding with life and youth and love. His wife did not scream nor madly tear her hair, as we feared she might; she turned very white, and bent over his form with one deep sob as she whispered, "Oh, my God! if it be possible spare him to us."

But it was not to be. The weary days and terrible nights saw Annie always at his side, with gentlest touch smoothing the pillow and listening for some word from the dying man, so sweet and patient, though her heart was breaking. And when it came, the awful stillness in the house, the darkened parlors, the shadow of death, who was bravest of us all? It was Annie, whose pale face was a statue of grief, whose singing was silent forever, and through all the dreadful ordeal in mute agony she went about so pitiful in her sorrow that our pity fast ripened into love, and we opened the most sacred places in our hearts forevermore to "Will's wife."

D. M. JORDAN.

## FATHER AND SON.

Son—Papa, what do you do at your club?

Father—Eat and dr—

Wife—John!

Father—Eat and think, my son. Eat and think.



## WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?

MASTER JAMES—Why, Uncle Remus, what's the matter with your hat?

UNCLE REMUS—Massa Jeems, dat ole hat knowed I wuz so glad ter see yer, dat hit jist nat'ally walked right offen dis chile's head, and I spec its forgot to stop!



## LITERARY SUCCESS.



VERY OFTEN some saphead who never made a literary success or any other kind of success rushes into print, where angels fear to tread, and tells the gaping thousands of amateurs how to achieve literary success, and thereby causes the amateurs to spend long hours in trying to build a success, when their time would

be much more profitably employed in building fences or hoeing corn. But if one has made a real success he can do no harm in telling of it, and I have the documents to prove that I made the success. A least I wrote a great many things that were printed, and sometimes I got a reduction in rates by contracting for a certain amount of space for a year.

The first literary venture I made was to hop on to a country preacher in the columns of a country newspaper, but as it required a great deal of diplomacy to keep from getting licked on account of it, I will let that pass.

The first story I wrote was a hummer. In writing it I collaborated with Col. H. L. Blood, of Iowa, and I rise to remark that the Colonel is no slouch of a collaborator when he puts on his collaborating clothes and gets right down to his knitting, as Howells would say. The title of our story was "Lucretia Dewberry," and we told in beautiful language how the lovely and useful Lucretia had been found in the Miama Valley by a kind-hearted gentleman, much as Jenny Lind was discovered in Sweden, and taken by him and nursed and cared for till she was a daisy and then sent out on her work of bettering the condition of the toiling thousands. We had a picture of Lucretia made, which we sent off with the story, and we were so sure of having it printed that we dictated to the editor what page he should print it on. It made just one column, cost \$62.50 each insertion, and brought us orders for Lucretia Dewberries from all the States of this mighty nation. When we were collaborating on the story I wrote down that the Lucretia vines would grow twenty feet in length every season, and when Col. Blood was reading it he said: "Brother Reed, you'll have to make that thirty feet or I can't endorse the statement." I merely mention this to show that the Colonel was so kind-hearted that he wouldn't even detract from the fair fame of a humble garden plant.

Next I wrote a book. It was not a very big book or

a very pretty book, but it cost like blazes and didn't do any more good than a temperance advocate. It told all about the plants of the garden and the trees of the orchard, and earnestly counseled the farmers to send me their orders, but I guess they didn't want to dazzle me with success, for they only sent orders enough to about pay for the stamps it had taken to mail the catalogues. One woman of Centralia, Illinois, sent me a twenty-five cent order, and wrote me four pages about how "Husband vowed and declared that she would get swindled, but she had faith in her kind and was going to 'resk' it," and a lady of Burlington, Kansas, wrote and entreated me not to lust after the trees that had bark on, but to pin my faith to the Tree of Life.

I have written many other such stories and books, although I no longer displease the Kansas lady by monkeying with trees; and if the gentle reader desires to make a literary success, let him emulate the example of a bald-headed gentleman of Brockton, Mass., and myself, and write advertisements, and the publishers of his town will be glad to see him, and will put his writings on the first page in big letters, and, incidentally, he will make a daddinged sight more money than if he seeks the other kind of literary success.

V. Z. REED.

## HE DIDN'T FIGHT THAT WAY.

Major Mark Wallace, of Cincinnati, a sporting man well known in Ohio, served in the Union army during the war. He was promoted for gallantry on the field, and at the close of the war was an applicant for a commission in the artillery branch of the regular army. While being examined by the board the following question was asked him:

"Major Wallace, at what angle would you elevate a rifle gun in order to hit an enemy three miles distant?"

"What was that question?" blurted Wallace, staring at the interrogator as if he had not heard aright.

"Suppose," said the examining officer, "that you were fighting an enemy that was three miles away from you, at what angle would you elevate a rifled cannon in order to strike that enemy?"

"Well, I'd like to have you understand, sir, that I don't fight with anybody that is three miles off. I'm not that kind of a fighter."

Wallace's rejoinder created such enthusiasm among the examining board that the subject of angles was forgotten, and the board never discovered whether he knew anything about angles or not.

## THE WAYS OF GREAT MEN.

Sniggs—What a difference in men the world call great.

Snaggs—Yes. Take Congressmen, for instance. Some have highways and some have buyways.

It was Noah who got up the first floating menagerie. No opposition to contend against, and yet it only lasted forty days, when it ran aground.

## ORIGIN OF HISTORIC EXPRESSIONS.

"SHE ROLLS YET!"

It was Galileo, the noted astronomer and mathematician, who gave utterance to the expression, "She rolls yet." It happened in this way: Galileo, who was a college professor at Pisa in the latter part of the sixteenth century, had a daughter who was excessively fond of bowling. She was at it day and night, and was so expert that she could easily have won the championship in the Harlem Bowling Club had that institution existed in her day. She spent so much time in bowling-alleys that a song-writer of Pisa immortalized her in the well-known ditty, "Sally in our Alley."



Galileo before the Inquisition.

Galileo didn't mind this at all, being very fond of his daughter. He didn't know why she shouldn't bowl if she wanted to. He liked to fill up the bowl himself occasionally. But the neighbors complained about it. The noise of the balls disturbed their repose. Finally Galileo was summoned before the Inquisition, which was the police court of the time. A promise was extorted from him under fear of the rack, to repress the ball-rolling tendencies of his daughter. As he left the hall a long, rumbling thunder, ending in a ten-strike, came to his ears from the neighboring ball-alley, and as a gleam of triumphant pleasure shot from his eye, he muttered, "She rolls yet!"

## CAUGHT GIVING SIGNALS.

"L" Railroad Manager (to Guard, who is given to flirting with women living along the line)—When do you expect to take a position with the Weather Bureau?

Guard (surprised)—I don't know anything about the Weather Bureau. What makes you think I am after a position with it?

Manager—I hear that you are practicing every day for the Signal Service.

## THERE WERE TWO.

Dr. Jee (the famous historian)—What is your profession?

Dr. Bee (the famous analytical chemist)—I'm an analyst.

Dr. Jee—Strange, I never heard of you. I'm annalist myself.

## SHOEMAKERS' CHILDREN POORLY SHOD.

Bjones—What horrible teeth your friend has pious.

Owens—Yes, poor fellow.

What's his business?

Dentist.

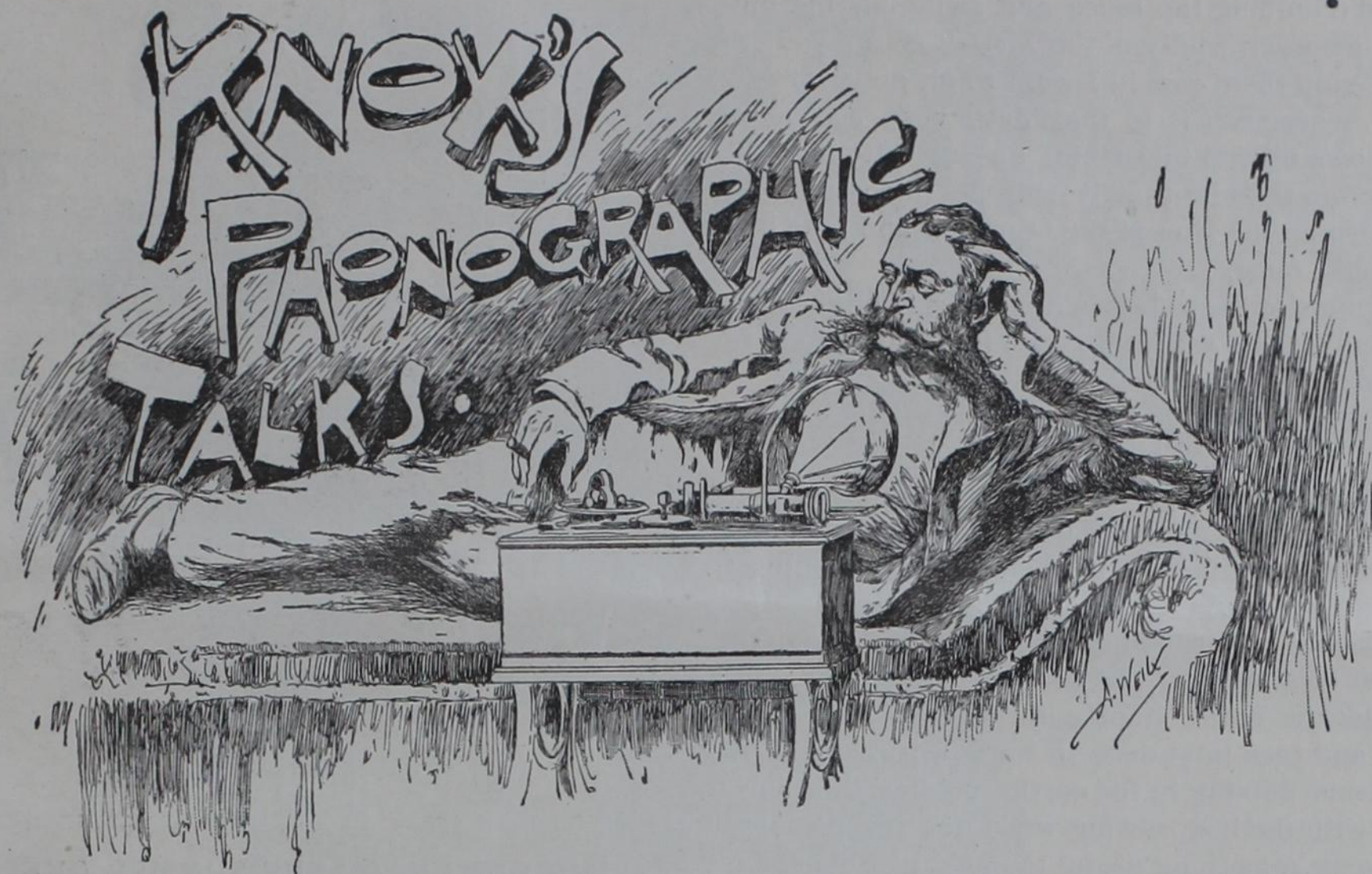


## HOW TO GET INSURANCE.

HEAD BOOK-KEEPER—Quick! Throw on the fire extinguisher!

CLERK—Yes, yes; I will as soon as I can get this confounded cork out.





There is quite a difference between one who "talks" and one who "converses," isn't there?

The person who converses occasionally asks a question or makes inquiry as to your opinion on the subject under discussion, and he allows you to reply.

The talker never discusses anything. He asserts, he orates and he drivels. The sound of his voice is pleasing to him. He does not care what your opinion is, but he wants you to know his views.

When you start to say something he will sometimes start at the same time, and will altogether ignore the fact that you are speaking. If he does allow you to go on he does not listen to you. His whole mind is concentrated on what he is going to say when you stop speaking. Don't you meet him daily? I do, and I am heartily tired of him.

\*\*\*

"It's a damned outrage!" That was what a man said this morning in the cars, and then he added, "Excuse me for using such strong language." I did not think that there was any reason why he should apologize, for it was just that kind of an outrage, and we all condemned it.

The man's remark caused me to think of some of the words that are called profane and of their uses and abuses. They are certainly sometimes very picturesque and forceful. I remember an old woman who once said, "What a pity it is that the use of profane language is sinful, for it certainly is a great embellishment to conversation."

In portraying a character who uses profane language, it is often absolutely necessary to quote some of his expressions. If they are left out their omission weakens the sketch, and the character portrayed is not true to nature. Of course, whenever it is possible to modify the expression and still retain the strength of the picture, it is better to do so.

We have to describe things as we find them. Dirt and ragged clothes are not pleasant things to describe, but how could I truly picture my friend, the tramp, if I omitted those prominent features of his make-up?

So is it in reproducing the language of an individual. We must retain at least some of his profane expressions if we wish to show him as he is. I agree with you, of course, that the use of profane language is to be deprecated. First, perhaps, because it is wrong, but especially because it is absurd and foolish and offensive to most people, and when frequently indulged in ceases to give emphasis to an expression or statement. The use of all such words as we call profane originated in a desire to give force to a statement, to italicise an opinion, but when a man drops two or three of these words into every sentence he utters they lose force, have no meaning, and his remarks are no more emphatic or impressive than are those of the man who never uses "bad words."

A good honest "damn" dropped into the right place doesn't worry me, but it does make me weary to see "d—n" in the columns of a newspaper or the pages of a book. I claim that damn and hell are good and proper English words. If so, why not use them? If they are bad or improper in any sense they should not be used at all, and no miserable contraction or corruption like d—n or h—l can make them right or proper. I would be ashamed to write d—d, because on the face of it would show that I thought the complete word was improper, and that I suppressed some of it by way of mitigating my offence.

Imagine Thomas Carlyle writing a—d, or think of Macaulay writing h—l. Conceive of a Bible in

which we would find these familiar words with the insides torn out of them and the ends held together with a dash.

The emaculation of the words in question originated in Puritan times, and the — mode of spelling was first indulged in by the good people who burned witches and carried the sword and the fagot in one hand while they held up the Gospel in the other. Nice people for us to copy after in the matter of spelling, weren't they?

Our foreman—a man by the name of Walker—says that no more of my "stuff" can go into this paper. I have got a lot of beautiful thoughts that I would like to present to you, but I shall keep them for next week.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

#### THE AMERICAN GIRL IN EUROPE.

In the North American Review for October, is an interesting article on Those American Girls in Europe, by Madam Adam, the famous literary woman of Paris. She writes of the young American girl from the European standpoint. Madam Adam compares her to the orchid—"that flower of richness among all flowers. It needs more heat and light than any other. Beautiful, dazzling, it first charms you by its strangeness; and then intoxicates you with its subtle perfume. It lives on air and needs none of the material conditions of existence for other plants," etc. Rather a hot-house description of the American girl. As to her needing "none of the material conditions of existence," ask her papa, who is obliged to put up the funds.

Let us quote still further from Madam Adam, who, although no longer young, has considerable of the old Adam left in her. "When the American girl enters a ball-room or a large reception in Europe, the spectacle is a curious one for the beholder. She is always beautiful, and even were she not, she possesses originality and *éclat*—for the latter word describes her entirely. She flits rather than walks; from the moment of her entrance into a drawing-room she is surrounded by a bevy of admirers, and her pretty head is always in motion. No one can see the details of her features, which are so mobile, nor the lines of her mouth, which has so many diverse expressions. Her glances are like diamonds, whose many facets cause her eyes to blink beneath their lustre. Her hair is lightly and negligently knotted, curly, and not arranged according to good form, giving her the air *chiffonné* of the pretty girl who may be admitted into the ball-room, but not during the ball. She is arrayed in a rather loud, though tasteful gown, fitting to perfection. She is at ease with all: this pack of admirers and of observers does not trouble her; she answers them all, talks and laughs loudly, dominates them all, and, if she has made a choice, parades it with a boldness which sometimes embarrasses even a Lovelace." The picture is not altogether overdrawn.

#### FOUND HIM OUT AT LAST.

Rev. Mr. Squeegie (to Sunday-school class)—Well, children, what did Ananias do?

Johnnie Cute—He wrote the weather reports.

#### KNOWLEDGE OF DANCING UNNECESSARY.

Miss Clayver—I'd like to join your ballet.

Mr. Squench (manager)—Do you dance?

Miss Clayver—Oh, no! But I have the handsomest pads in New York.

She was accepted.

#### SHE HADN'T OBSERVED THE MOUSTACHE.

A young man and his girl were at the People's Theatre the other night. The young man carried his head on one side, it being forced into that position by the weight of a very tender moustache, which was composed of seven hairs upon one side and eleven upon the other side of his nose. The comedian on the stage had brought a laugh by some allusion to a boy's first shaving encounter with a barber, when the young man leaned over to his girl and whispered:

"That's true to life, I can tell you."

"How do you know?" inquired the girl.

"How do I know?" he repeated in a whisper, "why, by experience, of course; that was the way with me when I first got shaved."

"When was that?" she asked, innocently.

"Oh, before I raised my moustache," he returned, moving uneasily.

"What moustache?" she queried, a little surprised.

"What moustache do you suppose?" he retorted, turning red.

"Why, Charlie," whispered the girl, "I never saw any moustache. Do you mean—"

"Never mind what I mean," hissed the young man through his front teeth, and became silent. There was lots of fun in the play, but Charlie never laughed again. He took the young woman home, but on the following Sunday night he went to see another girl.

#### ONE FEMALE FARMER.

I am a bachelor, and I can say with more or less emotion that I like the state of single blessedness—as yet. I am not old and am not cranky, but I do often feel a sense of freedom when I read of babies' concerts and the servant-girl problem. Do not infer, however, that I dislike children. I love them just as much as any woman on earth—when they are silent as the angels and as clean of face. And there are times, too, when a kind of sympathetic uneasiness seizes me, and I long for a woman to help and support me.

Such a paroxysm overcame me the other day when I read of Mary Stratton. And I was not cooled at all by the fact that Miss Stratton is a farmer. She read a paper before the Erie County Farmers' Institute last August, and she lives near the great unsalted Erie, at that junction of four farms which forms Wales Centre. What aroused me was Miss Stratton's display of wisdom, and I do admire hard sense. Miss Stratton won the distinction of being the ablest farmer in the Empire State by this paragraph of her address:

"After Congress has done all that can and ought to be done; after legislatures have done all they can; after Farmers' Alliances have done all they can, the farmer's prospects will depend upon the farmer himself, the attention he gives to every detail of his work, the thought, the brain he devotes to it." C.

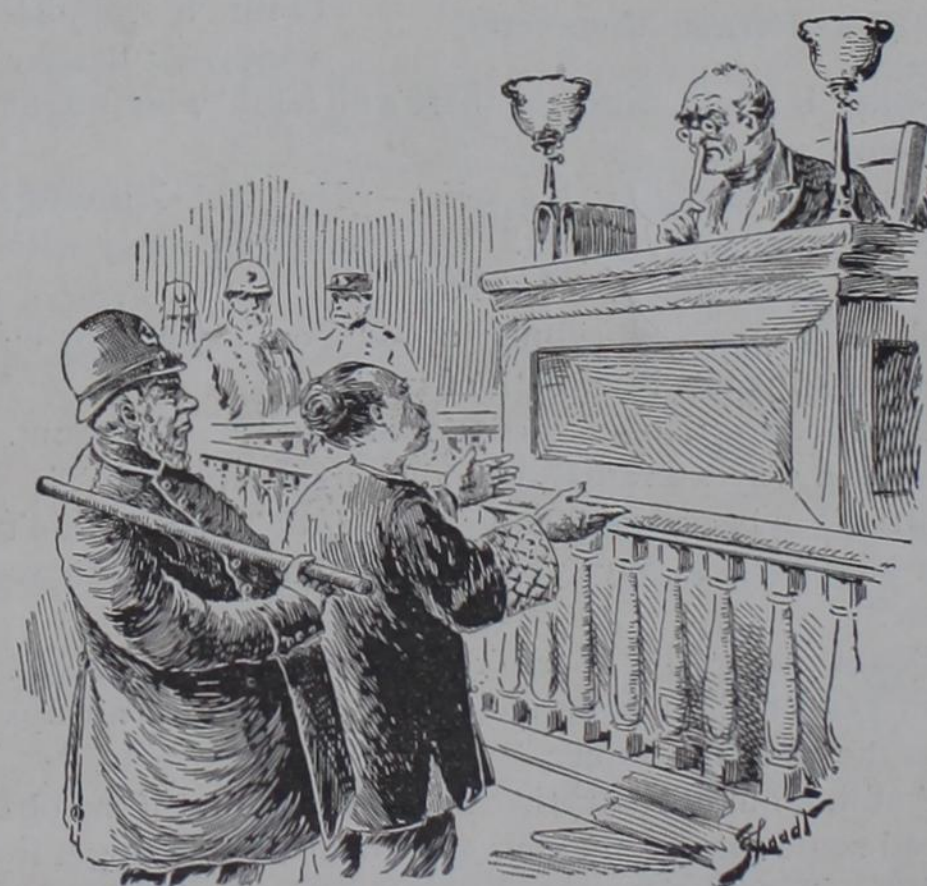
#### PROTECTIONISTS.

Little Jiggles—Pa, what is a high-tariff man?

Old Jiggles—A protectionist, my son.

Well, who are the protectionists?

The Republicans and the New York police.



#### A COUNTER-ACCUSATION.

POLICE JUSTICE (to Chinaman)—The officer says he caught you hitting the pipe. What have you to say?

HIP LUNG—Well, Mlister Judge, p'liceman hit it too.

How's that?

With his club!



## A FARMERS' RAILROAD.



THE FARMERS of Hunterdon county, New Jersey, have long been encouraged to hope for a much-needed railroad connecting parallel lines, to run from Morristown to Whitehouse, a distance of twenty-five miles. Wearied of the false promises of railroad companies the farmers have set to work to build this railroad themselves, subscribing for the stock, grading the road and laying the ties and rails with their own hands, assisted by a few other hands hired by the day. They have undertaken the work with great enthusiasm, and are bound to show the railroad companies what farmers can do when they go earnestly about it.

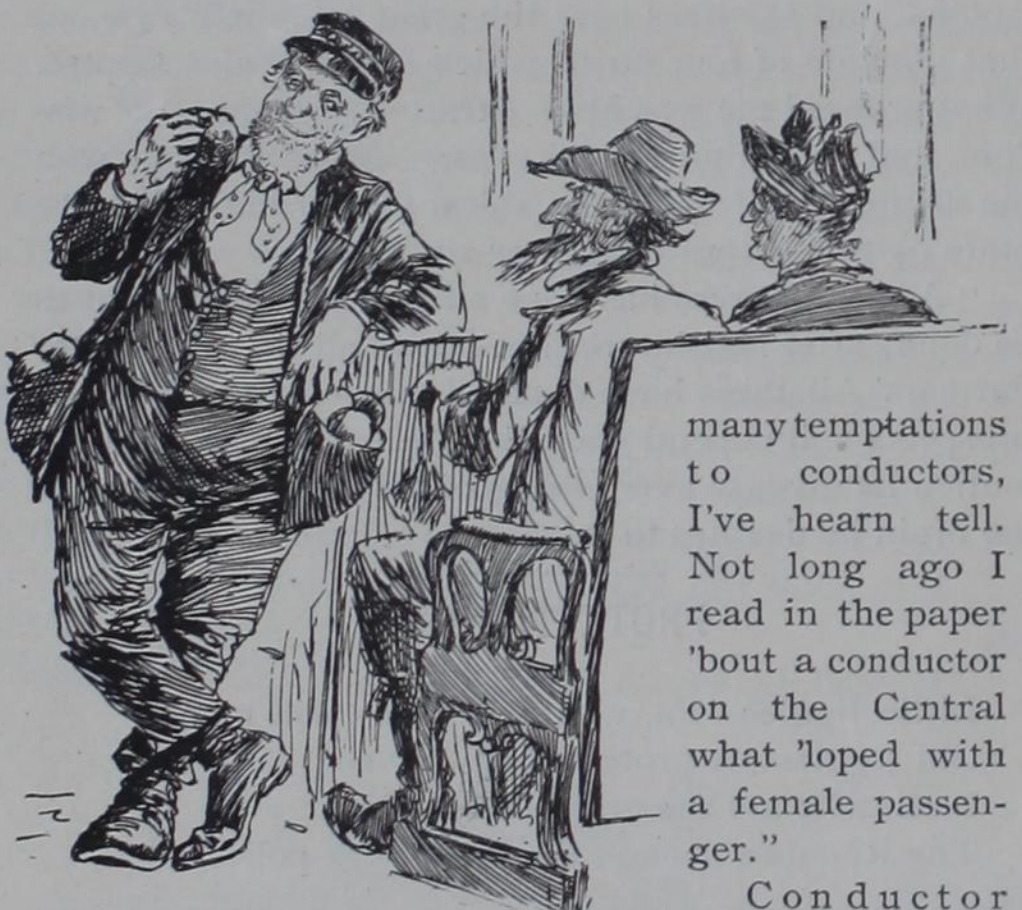
When the road is completed it will be in order for the farmers to run the railroad. We shall expect to see a horny-handed agriculturist acting as engineer, and if he sometimes stops his engine at a crossing to gossip with a neighbor seated on a load of hay, one needn't be surprised. A farmer never hurries anything, except a hired man.

There will be a farmer at the brakes, and some old hayseed will hold the responsible position of conductor, no doubt. He will stop to chat with his rural passengers, while taking up tickets, inquiring about the folks "to hum" and the "crops." Conversation runs about like this:

Conductor—"Folks all well when you left hum?"

Mr. Wayback—"Tol'ble. One of the cows is ailin' some, and the nigh hoss is threatened with a spavin."

Mrs. Wayback—"Law, sir, I shouldn't think your wife would want you a runnin' on the railroad. Good



The Farmer Conductor.

Wayback is along, mum, or there's no tellin' what might happen."

Wayback (nudging his wife)—"Ha! ha! Mirandy, that's a good one on you. He would run away with you ef I wasn't along. Ha! ha!"

Mrs. Wayback (bridling up)—"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, both of ye."

Conductor—"No offence, no offence at all, mum. It's only a way we railroad conductors has of jokin'."

Mrs. Wayback (mollified)—"Oh, I ain't mad. Don't your wife hate to have you away from your meals so much?"

Conductor—"Oh, I ain't away from my meals. Road runs right through our back yard, and I always stops the train for dinner."

And it wouldn't surprise me to know that if he observed some farmer making strenuous efforts to get in his hay before a threatened storm arrived, the farmer conductor should stop his train, and all hands turn in to assist in the work.

The train boy will be a farmer, too, peddling agricultural weeklies, farmers' almanacs and "What I Know About Farming."

It being a farmers' railroad, every farmer living along the line will expect to have the train stop for him whenever and wherever he may hail it.

Ruralist (climbing the fence and swinging his umbrella and gripsack wildly in the air)—"Here, you, Si Humspun, stop them cars! I want to git aboard!"

And Si, whose run it is that day, very accommodatingly slows up and takes him aboard, although he is compelled to tell him that it will be impossible for him to "turn up the lane at the 'Corners' and land him at Uncle Jeff's farm."

The farmers of New Jersey are going to enjoy their railroad, and I shall expect to see it copied from in other sections of the country. GRISWOLD.

## TOLSTOI ON LABOR.

Tolstoi, the famous Russian author, whose "Kreutzer Sonata" has been excluded from the mails, although females peruse it on the sly, is a crank on the subject of labor, and has made it the theme of a book. His theory is that labor, instead of being a curse to man, is the greatest blessing that has ever been invented. He wonders that the entire human race doesn't see it in that light, and turn in at once to hard work. And by work he means delving in the earth—holding the plow, practicing with the hoe, sawing wood for the poor—in short, doing something useful to one's neighbor that implies exercise of hands and muscles. Mere headwork he doesn't seem to go much on, though his books show brain labor. A man to attract the attention of Wanamaker must certainly have some intellect, although the latter's attraction to Harrison may not indicate it.

Some one has said that labor is prayer. In the light of this interpretation I have observed that the majority of people are willing that some one else shall do their praying. Tolstoi maintains that human happiness depends on labor. If you are unhappy go to work. When you find yourself growing morbid and morose, go out and work on the road, and there is nothing so efficacious in driving away the blues as to dig a well for some neighbor who is destitute of that convenience. He doesn't say it in so many words—not so many words as I have employed, but that is the drift of his argument. And if there is a drift in front of your neighbor's house, he would doubtless advise you to take your snow shovel and clear it away for him.

You must work for others if you would reap the full reward of your industry. If your friend is running for office, turn yourself into a ward worker, and if he be elected work him for all he's worth.

Tolstoi was a born nobleman, with a fortune ready to his hands. But reflection convinced him that it was every man's duty to work in this world, however much leisure he might have in the next, and he turned shoemaker. He determined to benefit the understandings of men, and so he pegs away at the cobbler's trade, occupying his noonings in writing stories that the Czar tries to suppress, but which reach an enormous sale in America when our Wanamakers and Comstocks lend them the endorsement of their disapproval.

Whether Mr. Tolstoi will be able to augment the army of workers who engage in it as a labor of love, through his new book on the labor question, remains to be seen. A. M. G.

## A FAR-SEEING PAR-ENT.

Rich Father (to a friend)—My two daughters shall be well provided for. The elder shall receive a dower of \$50,000 and the younger \$100,000.

Friend—The younger is your favorite daughter, then.

Rich Father—No, but she squints horribly.



Hailing the Farmer Train.

## THE PASSING OF THE SUMMER QUEEN.

The Summer Queen has gone to her abode in Limbo, and left us to be ruled by grim old winter, and to fill our lives with the gladness that comes from eating oysters, catching colds, attending apple-parings and corn-shuckings, and wasting our substance in riotous purchase of gin fizzes; and eke to cuss the climate. The Summer Queen was a thing of beauty and a joy until a little while ago, and we loved her and are sorry she is gone, but change is the law of life, and we will still be able to extract some pleasure out of this fleeting dream of existence by sleeping late in the morning, without being chewed into fret-work by flies, and getting numerous on the outside of hot buckwheat cakes.

The Summer Girl is now deposed, and the ruddy maiden with broadcloth skirts, red hose and redder cheeks has an inning. Hail, beautiful disciple of the red of winter! May your beau be able to wrap his arms twice about your lissome form during the dark hours of night when the Storm King is whooping things up outside. And may your sire sleep so soundly that he never will know what time Dear goes home.

Farewell, fair Summer Queen, bringer of picnics and watermelons! And hail cheery winter, with your "literary" for the tiller of the soil, your monumental snap for the trafficker in coals, and your jolly cargo of cocktails, sleighrides, dances, and fillings of night with music and forgettings of the cares that have long and ardently been in the habit of infesting the day.

V. Z. R.

## WHY HIS WRITING HALTED.

Teacher—Your son halts badly in his writing.

Mother (apologetically)—Yes, poor boy, he always did stutter.

## A GIVE AWAY.

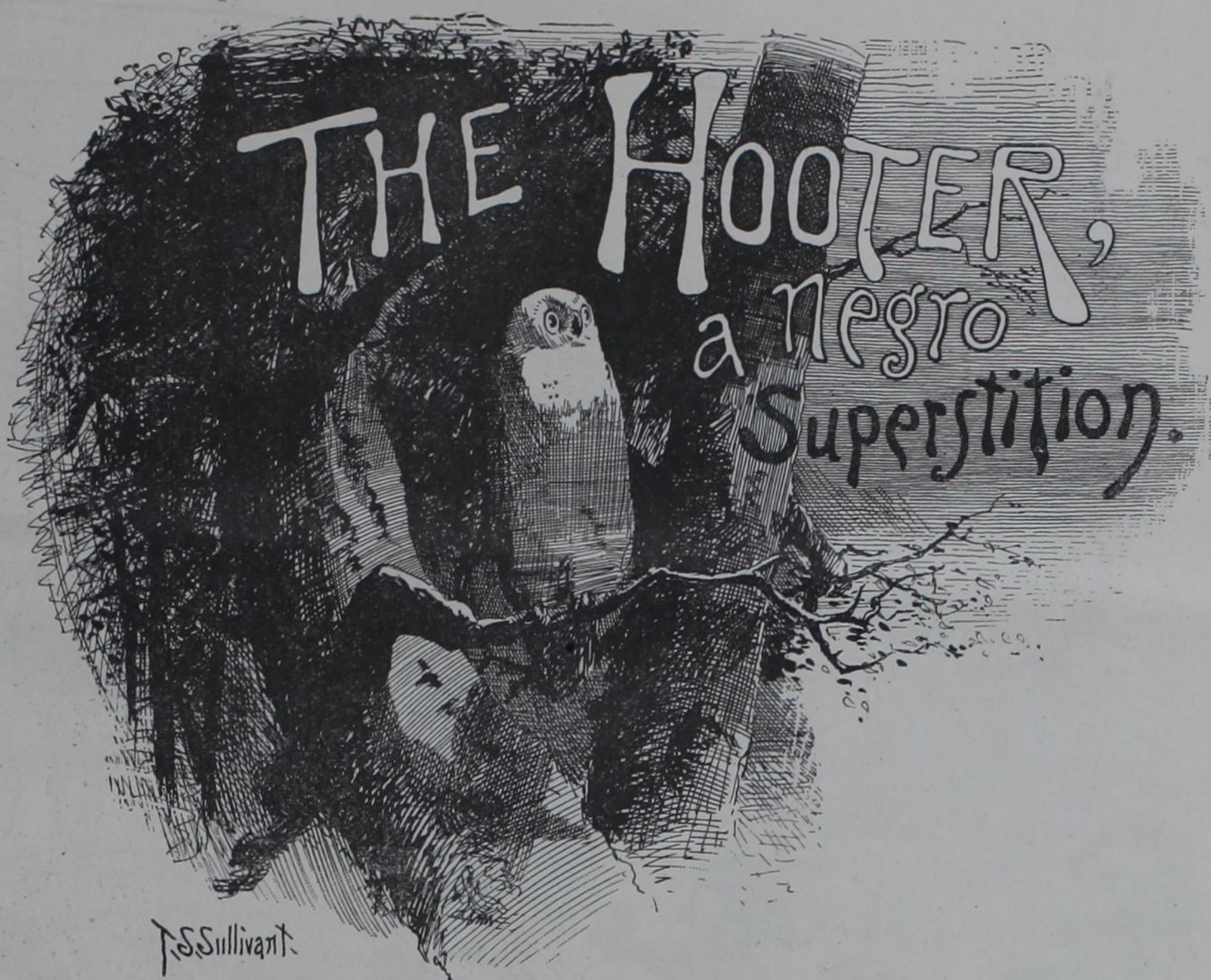
Mrs. Phlunkey—I've got a lovely new maid just from Paris.

Mrs. Munkey (maliciously)—I thought so. Your husband told mine last night that he had begun taking French lessons from a private teacher!



Bill Hayseed as Engineer of the Farmer's Railroad.





## A TEXAS HUMORIST ON THE BENCH.

One of the first cases brought before a newly-elected Texas Justice of the Peace was that of Sam Johnsing, charged with beating his wife. The justice himself was in a poetic mood, and disposed to take advantage of the opportunity to be witty at the prisoner's expense, somewhat after the manner of New York justices.

"If you have paid attention, Mr. Johnsing," said the justice, toying with a pen, "you are doubtless aware that you have ill-treated those nearest and dearest to you, and after you have paid your fine, have made it pretty evident that you are a black fiend."

"Dat ain' de kin' of langwidge yer shouted when yer wanted me ter vote fer yer," retorted Sam, sulkily.

"*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*," retorted the justice, airing his Latin.

"Dat ain' whut you tole dis chile. Ef you had tole me dat ar I nebber would hab voted fer yer in dis world. You tole me ef I voted yer ticket, yer would ebber after regard me in de light ob a pussonal frien'. Ain' dat whut you said?"

"Silence in court! What proof have you got that you did not inflict those bruises on your wife's person?"

"I allers heern er married man had de right ter kerrec' his wife."

"You hear too much, Mr. Johnsing," replied the justice. "There can be no reasonable objection to your appealing to the more tender susceptibilities of the partner of your joys with the toe of your boot. You may even, on special occasions, such as the Fourth of July or Thanksgiving Day, warm her up with a skillet, bounce a stick of wood on her person, or cause a boot-jack to carom among her features. The law encourages you to regulate your own family affairs as long as you keep within the bounds of moderation, but when you

Where sweeps the blue Patapsco, dancing, sparkling to the bay,

The sons of sunny Africa have legends quaint and old,

Which have been handed down from crone to crone for many a day,

And the legend of the hooter is a story that is told;

Why he blinks his eye,

And he hoots his cry,

And queries "Who-o-o?" of every passer by.

When first their great convention held the reptiles, birds and beasts,

The owl was placed on guard to watch the commissariat,

But having rather gorged himself at recent evening feasts,

He dozed right off to sleep and never even murmured "Scat"

When the fox so sly,

Came a creeping by,

And gobbled up some grapes that hung near by.

Then when the others learned the way the Hooter failed to care

For commissary stores in charge of which he had been left,

They called him up for trial and the witnesses were there

To testify that he had slept and thus permitted theft;

So the court said he

Punished then should be

For sleeping when he ought to wake and see.

And then the great convention passed an edict that the owl

Should be a midnight sentinel, and through all coming time

Should keep awake while others slept and watch for those that prowl,

And challenge them to find if they proposed to do a crime;

So all the night through,

He queries anew,

His everlasting "Who-o-o, Who-o-o, Who-o-o?"



THE GREAT CONVENTION.

mistake murderation for moderation, then, Sam, just at that crisis the law steps in."

"I was only sportin' wid her."

"You were only sporting with her, eh? Well, you can't come that game on me. That will never do, Sam. That banged nose speaks out in thunder tones and gives the lie to your assertions; that gouged eye is a mute but eloquent witness against you; and besides, there is the testimony of the neighbors who heard the whacks. Ten days in the county jail."

"Whut's dat? Ten days!

Doas you 'sider dat you am er doin' de squar' thing by me? 'Member I voted fer you an' he'ped ter elect yer."

"That's just it. You helped me into a position, and now I have helped you into a position, so I don't think you ought to accuse me of ingratitude any more."

On the way to his dungeon cell Sam told the policeman confidentially that he had fooled the justice badly; that instead of voting for him, he had really voted and worked for his opponent, and Sam laughed long and loud at his successful strategy, and even after the door was closed on him, his peals of derisive laughter could be heard on the outside of the lockup.

## WHAT AILED HIM.

Sambo—What did de doctah say ailed yer mostly, Bill?

Bill—He 'lowed dat I had a conflagration ob diseases. Fust, de salvation glan's don't insist my indigestion; dat makes a torpedo liver, cose I'm liable to go off any minute.

"Never speak of a rope in the house of a man who has been hanged." And never call the attention of a victim to tar and feathers, to the evening's tar.

And thus the old and wrinkled crone, the story oft relates;

"Deed honey, dat's de b'essed troof, I heeard hit long ago;

I knows hit's fac' erbout de hooter, 'zac'ly ez I states,

Kase w'y, Ize heeard 'im. Ef yo' doan b'leeve jess go

Wha' de moon slip froo

De piney abenoo,

En yo'll heah 'im callin' to you' 'Who-o, Who-o, Who-o-o?'"

HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

## HE WAS BORN THERE.

Emaciated Invalid (just arrived at the Springs)—Is it true that drinking these waters produces fat?

Native (weight 250)—Produce fat? Why, stranger, when I came here I only weighed eight pounds, and look at me now!

A real estate man may be very knowing and yet have lots to learn.



THE OLD WRINKLED CRONE.





## MARRIAGE IN

"OUR POPULAR FELLOW-CITIZEN, COLONEL WHIPSAW, OF THE RATTLESNAKE RANCH, WAS MARRIED LAST EVENING TO THE GROOM WORE THE CONVENTIONAL COSTUME, HIS GOATSKIN CHAPAREJOS AND SILVER SPURS BEING PROBABLY THE FINEST TRACTING PARTIES STOOD UNDER A BEAUTIFUL FLORAL SIX-SHOOTER WHILE ELDER BUCKSKIN PERFORMED THE CEREMONY. [Our artist has attempted to portray above the scene from the graphic account given by our valued contemporary.—ED. TEXAS SIFTINGS.]

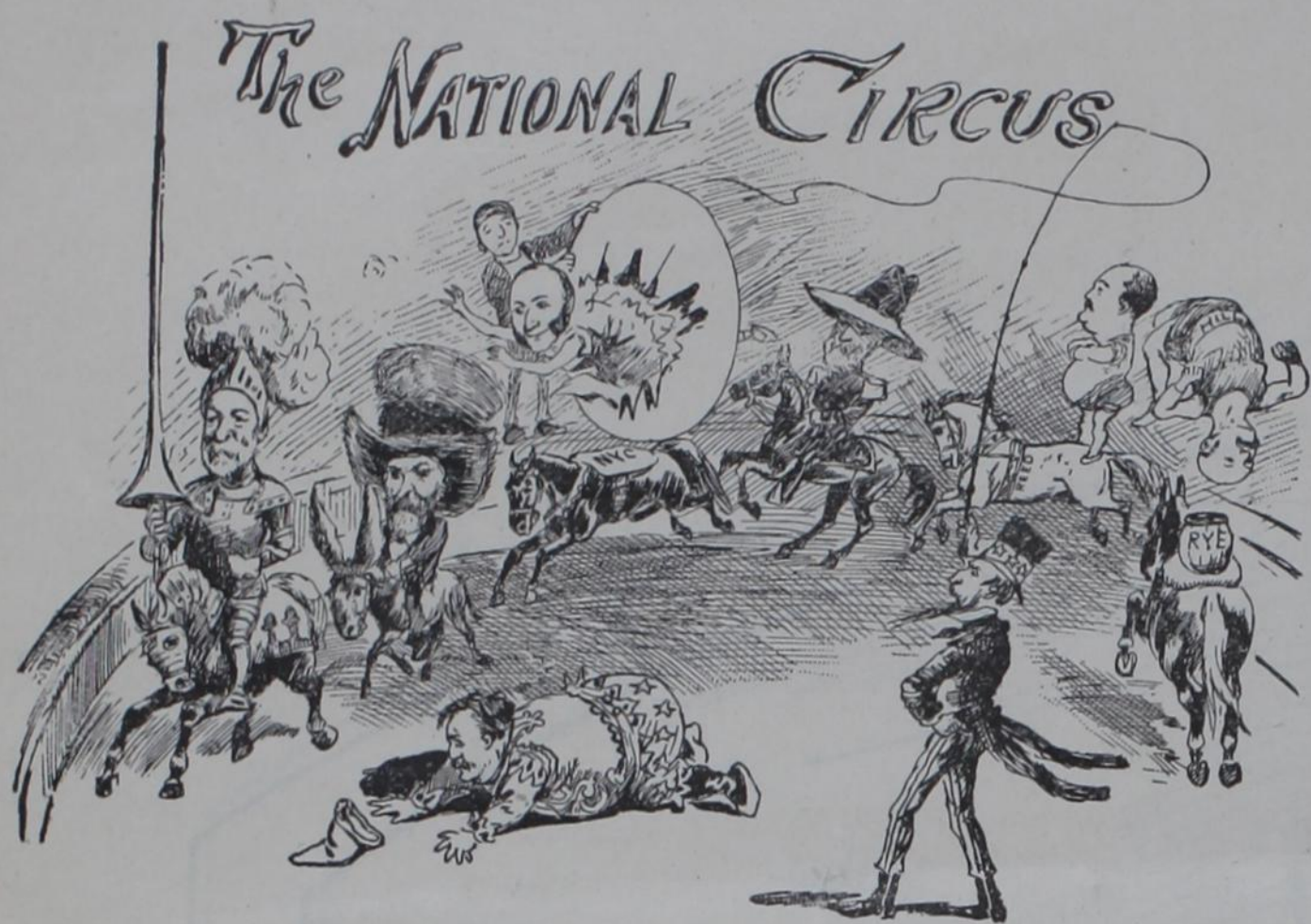




N PIZEN CREEK.

THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF JUDGE PULLTRIGGER. THE BRIDE WAS ARRAYED IN A MRS. SKINNER TROSSEAU, WHILE THE GROOM WAS IN HIS BEST. THE WEDDING WAS NEVER SEEN IN THE BITTERROOT VALLEY. THE COLONEL HAD ALSO SHAVED OFF HIS CHIN WHISKERS. THE HIGH CON-  
 —FROM THE PIZEN CREEK HOOTER, OCTOBER 1.





ACROSS the way from TEXAS SIFTINGS office is the John street church—the oldest Methodist church in New York. It does its good work, on one side of the street, and the SIFTINGS staff do theirs, on the other. At noon-tide, every day, a business men's prayer-meeting is held in this church. This statement will be a surprise to many countrymen who imagine that the business men of New York are all rogues and sharpers. It will be a surprise to many city people to learn that hundreds of business men daily devote part of the brief hour allowed them for luncheon to the service of God. Religion is not half so rare among our business men as outsiders suppose. When an eloquent clergyman preaches in Trinity church, at week-day services, it is overcrowded, and yet the old John street church is well filled. The truth is that nowhere in the United States can more simple, pure, unaffected piety be found than in the business portion of this wonderful metropolis. People of other sections may talk more about religion; but the genuine, practical Christianity bears fruit right here, down-town.

How little real Christianity there is in most of our churches is demonstrated by the fact that 102,000 children, in New York, cannot attend public schools because there is no room for them in the school buildings. Of this large number, 10,000 have actually applied for admission and been refused. Yet no clergymen, elders, vestrymen or deacons come forward and offer the use of the numerous churches and Sunday-schools to these 102,000 crowded-out children. The most of our churches are used on only two days of the week—some of them on Sunday only. It would not injure them in any way for children to be taught in them. The Christ, in whose honor these costly edifices are supposed to be erected, said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not." The modern translation of this passage is: "Suffer not little children to come unto Me, except at fixed hours on Sunday; but keep My churches tightly closed against them at all other times." There will be an accounting for this new reading on the Day of Judgment.

The hotel corridor interviewer for the daily papers has hitherto been a mystery. You have noticed that he always happens to meet the right man, just at the right time. Whatever subject is uppermost in the public or the editorial mind the reporter is sure to encounter the man who knows all about it, and to work in half a column or so for the next morning's paper. "Senator Snooks is stopping at the 'Teenth Avenue hotel, and, as he was smoking his cigar, after dinner, said that he had read the able editorial in yesterday's issue, and fully coincided with the views therein expressed—" so on, until the blue pencil cuts short the interview. How was it that Senator Snooks, the man of men as to this special subject, happened to be smoking his cigar on that very evening, just when the reporter came along? I will solve the mystery. Our prominent statesmen read the morning papers and then go out and stand in the hotel corridors until the reporters come for them. Sometimes the statesmen have to wait for hours, while the reporters are enjoying themselves at the Tenderloin Club. Sometimes they have to telephone to the newspaper office: "Please send up that reporter who wants to happen to meet me in the corridor." Sometimes they are unnoticed, and after hanging about all day, go to bed unnoticed and uninter-viewed, and wake up the next morning to find that some hated rival has been immortalized by "our ubiquitous reporter." Then they sigh, take breakfast, and haunt the corridors again on the chance of being picked up by some belated reporter for an afternoon journal.

When his royal lowness, the Comte de Paris, was expected to attend the Casino, last week, the singing of the "Marseillaise," a wicked, revolutionary and Republican tune, was cut out, by order of Manager Aronson, so as not to hurt the sensitive feelings of the exroyal personage who was kicked out of France for presuming to conspire against the Republic. At the request of theatrical managers, organ-grinders, Newport snobs and others, I give a list of some tunes which grate upon the nerves of the Comte de Paris:

"Down Went McGinty."  
"The Boulanger March."  
"The Flag of Our Union."  
"Little Annie Rooney."  
"The Star Spangled Banner."  
"If I were a King."

It will be understood, at once, that these airs offend the bogus monarch. His favorites are: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "We Get There all the Same," "When the Robins Nest Again," and "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night." The Americans who are looking out for future dukedoms, countships and baronetcies will do well to study up these lists and instruct those who furnish their music not to play anything which may remind the Comte de Paris that he is a discredited and ridiculous adventurer, trying to entrap this Republic into an endorsement of his royal pretensions so as to revenge himself upon the Republic of France.

The young Emperor of Germany, who managed to tread upon all the mental corns of the Czar of Russia during his recent visit, has shown equal want of tact in entertaining the Emperor of Austria and the King of Saxony. Of all places in the world, he selected as the place of meeting with these sovereigns the Castle of Rohnstock, loaned to him for the purpose by the Count von Hochberg. In this very castle Frederick the Great resided when he defeated the Austrian and Saxon armies in June, 1745. Nay, more, the battlefield of Hohenfriedberg is on the estate of Count von Hochberg. It was like inviting the Emperor Joseph and the King of Saxony to come to the graveyard in which their ancestors were buried and shake hands with the descendant of the fighter who had put them to defeat and death. Of course, the diplomatists of Europe are very much shocked at the lack of taste shown by such an invitation, and what was intended as a friendly meeting was turned into a hollow and offensive mockery.

The daily papers, which publish long and strong editorial articles demonstrating that the McKinley tariff has ruined the country by raising the prices of all articles which poor men eat, drink, wear or use, ought to take the trouble to edit their advertising columns. According to the editorials, Protection to American industry makes everything dear; according to the advertisements all sorts of goods were never cheaper. You can buy a complete suit of clothes for \$8 to \$10—coat, vest and trousers—which is much lower than goods of the same grade and make can be purchased anywhere else in the world. Free trade editors, dressed in broad-cloth and fine linen imported from abroad, may call such clothes "shoddy," but what can you expect for \$8 to \$10—silk velvet, diamond buttons and butterflies? The majority of our people have worn these clothes for years; find them neat and serviceable, and have never before been able to buy them so cheaply.

Third Vice-President Webb, of the New York Central railroad, has not acquired the great art of letting well enough alone. He defeated the Knights of Labor during their recent hasty strike; but now he has justified their strike by issuing an order against the employment of anybody who belongs to the Knights. This is just what the Knights asserted that he intended, and just what he repeatedly and emphatically denied. Capital and Labor have an equal right of organization. A railroad is an organization of stockholders, with directors and their officials as their representatives. Its employers are equally justified in organizing as Knights of Labor and choosing leaders to represent them. To deny this is to deny the principles of free government. Vice-President Webb is, therefore, clearly wrong in the position he has assumed; and, if further trouble come to the Central railroad and further losses to its stockholders, the officials, and not the Knights of Labor, will be morally and legally responsible.

The Central strike occurred while Chauncey M. Depew was abroad. Many people said that if he had been here no strike would have been declared. I said then, and repeat now, that the attack upon the Knights of Labor was arranged before Mr. Depew went abroad, and that he set sail in order to avoid being bothered about it. But he is here, on the spot, in command of the Central railroad, now that the offensive edict against the Knights of Labor is issued, and he cannot escape the responsibility for this attack upon free workmen. All of us have a fellow feeling for Mr. Depew because he is a professional humorist; but there is nothing humorous about his opposition to the Knights of Labor, and his attempt to deprive the people of fifteen miles of wharfage along the Harlem river. On the contrary, these are very serious matters, not to be flipped away with a joke or an after-dinner speech. They mean that Mr. Depew, disappointed of office, has entirely relinquished all idea of political ambition and has sold himself—body, soul, brain and tongue—to the Vanderbilt family for the rest of his natural life. Therefore, for the first time, he boldly repeats the infamous Vanderbilt maxim: "D—n the people!"

It is a great comfort, satisfaction and relief to learn from the double-leaded cablegrams in the Herald that the Paris coaches, the old "Rocket" and the "Comet," have recently been tooled by coachmen No. 1567 and 1577. What would have happened if some other coachmen—say 1565 and 1578—had driven, or if the drivers had left their tools at home, a shuddering World charitably declines to calculate. Happily, the calamities, whatever they might have been, were providentially averted. Coachmen Nos. 1567 and 1577 were on hand, and the country is safe.

Professional base-ball has ended a disastrous season. Its decline and fall were predicted as soon as its profits and the public interest in it were exaggerated for speculative purposes. It died, like roller-skating, because it became a nuisance. Although professional base-ball teams have been taken all around the world, in no other country has it obtained the slightest foothold. It was like the American game of billiards, that had its day here, its champions and its popularity, and then suddenly died out forever. On the other hand, the English game of cricket, although slower and less showy than base ball, is played more and more every year, in every country, because it is more scientific. As there is no duty upon imported cricket under the McKinley tariff, it will probably be the next popular craze. We already have first-rate clubs in Philadelphia and several Western cities—to say nothing of the old St. George club in New York, and an international match with Canada, next summer, will set the cricket ball a-rolling.

A French philosopher observed that the English took their pleasure sadly. The Americans take their pleasures fast. They are always in a hurry, whether doing business downtown, dancing at Sherry's, or driving in Central Park. The magnificent parades of elegant equipages in Hyde Park and the Bois de Boulogne are features of the English and French capitals admired by every traveler. We have as fine horses, as handsome carriages and drivers as well set-up and liveried; but our aristocrats want to race through Central Park. They are evidently evolved from the people who used to drive fast trotters in Harlem Lane, for drinks at the Judge's or Florence's, with loafers sitting on the hotel steps and holding stop-watches over them. They have not yet learned the calm repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere. They are like a lot of provincials, in a hurry to get their drive over so as to do their marketing or bolt their dinners. The display in the Park, every fine afternoon, gives the spectators a realizing sense of the immense wealth collected here in New York; but the scramble of fast driving reminds them that this wealth has been made in a hurry, by persons who do not know how to enjoy it.



English and French Style.



American Style.

THE RINGMASTER.





WHAT'S IN A NAME?

## THE DUEL AT COWLICK HOLLOW.

A STORY OF MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

(For illustration see front page, cover.)

Hev ye hearn about the duel in Cowlick Holler, Josh?  
They 'low 't war quite excitin' like—the shootin' fine, by gosh!  
Fust the fracas war a "stand up" atween them Dutch galoots,  
An' all the boys war right on hand, ye bet yer yaller boots!

The insult it war given on Sunday in the shed  
Whar Parson Binks wuz preachin' like—bobbin' his bald head;  
Hans Schweitzerkase called Pretzel a gol derved sauerkraut,  
An' Pretzel yells "Gott—Himmel!" an' calls his rival out.

At sunrise Monday mornin' the boys war on the ground,  
An' fust-row seats war sellin' fur prices fat an' round;  
The audjence war a waitin' fur the circus to begin,  
An' bets wuz freely offered, 'ith odds, on who 'ud win.

Old Boggs an' Colonel Principle war slingin' heaps o' style,  
An' pacin' off the distance with a proud, don't-touch-me smile.  
They war handlin' the shooters, an' rammin' down the wads,  
An' lookin' high an' mighty like a pair o' heathen gods.

Their Parson Binks wuz standin' with a sermon in his hand,  
Jest achin' fur ter preach it when the victim bit the sand;  
He had the look o' angels in the corner of his eye,  
An' wuz doin' holy horror with an "amen" sort o' sigh.

At last, 'way down the holler, we seed the fighters come;  
We looked, an' cuss my peepers! ef we wuzn't all struck dumb,  
Fur the dress that them two sported was the durnedest lookin' thing  
This bloomin' airth hez witnessed sence fig-leaf suits fur spring.  
They were dressed in yaller breast-plates like mattresses o' hair;  
Their necks wuz wound with paddin' so 's jest ther chins war bare;  
Their arms wuz tightly covered 'ith a quilted chammy skin;  
An' dark-green iron goggles jest shet ther eyelids in.

"What's up?" sez Boggs, "is this yer thing a Prussian dress parade?  
Come, drap them swords! Here, take yer stand, an' don't yer be afraid."

Say, Jimmy, bring them irons! The hell! Ye both say no?  
Then, dern ye! go an' carve yerselves, an' make a holy show."

Then the faces o' thet audjence wuz wrinkled with disgust,  
Some sot sarcastic-silent, an' some got up an' cussed;  
An' Binks, our bald-head parson, he paced a narrow path  
A quotin' bits o' scripture ter smother down his wrath.

At last he stops, an' pointin' 'ith his papers in his hand  
Ter the two as did the fightin', he sez in accents bland:  
"I kem ter see a shootin', an' ter order up the hearse,  
An' preach the fun'l sermon, an' sing a solemn verse;

"An' by the great sombrero of the Mexican Saint Ann!  
I'm goin' ter hold this sarvice ef I hev ter shoot ther man.  
I tell yer I'm a buzzard, an' I'll paint this holler red,  
An' I'm standin' here a waitin' fur a cold exchange o' lead."

"What's that yer say?" sez Ferguson, "what's that yer say, my friend?"

Ye'll remember I'm a shoutin' an' I'm heeled from end to end;  
An' I'm waitin' jest to plug you an' yer sermon full o' holes,  
So jest prepare ter preach it in the place o' burnin' coals.

"I believe thet once the liker here wuz stopped by your derved talk,  
You wuz preachin' high on temperance, and drawin' lines o' chalk;  
An' ever sence that cussedness I've longed ter git ye cold,  
An' now's the time, my bloomin' shrimp, I'll make ye loose yer hold."

They say the sight war splendid; thet both wuz full o' sand;  
Thet Principle sed "Fire!" in a voice o' deep command;  
Thet the boys war all on end, sir, admirin' ole Binks;  
An' when the thing wuz over he paid fur all the drinks.

An' Ferguson war honored with candles at his head;  
An' the parson preached the sermon an' eulogized the dead;  
An' he said this war a case, sir, o' lickin' an' profanity,  
Which hed struck a sort o' snag in muscular Christianity.

ANDREW F. UNDERHILL.

## WOMAN'S MISSION.

Ever since the creation, men have been trying to discover woman's exact mission. If a majority of these monomaniacs could be infused with enough patriotism to quietly fall asleep beneath the daisies and give woman a chance to find out her own mission, the probabilities are that such a course would prove a decided advantage to all parties concerned.

When I hear some popular lecturer devote two hours and a half to the solution of this problem, I think to myself, "My learned friend, if you were at home attending to your own business, your wife would less ardently cherish a desire to plant flowers on your grave."

The most popular theory regarding this question is, that woman's sole mission is to stay at home and cleanse the countenance of some embryotic statesman, who, bless his sweet soul, is the very image of his pa. It is likewise her divine prerogative to coax a blaze in the kitchen stove while her lord and master sweetly snores the snore of the blessed.

There is another class of men, who hold tenaciously

to the creed that woman's mission is not to take an active part in the material things of this life, but to rule all men in an abstract manner. That is, it is not in her province to wear laurels that have been won at the point of the bayonet, but to so exert her will that she may say to this man, "Come," and he cometh.

Others say that woman's mission in life is to love and to be loved. This looms up on paper. As a theory it is not to be downed. But when it is called on to supply hungry mouths with their daily bread, it "falls like Lucifer, never to rise again." When a man argues that Love is the sceptre of universal power and that woman should sway it, and then goes home and gives his wife jessy because the biscuits are clammy, somehow I lose confidence in the species.

When a man courts his best girl, he changes ends with his character as though it were a pair of soiled cuffs; while she, poor girl, fondly hopes to skim over life's wave like a snipe over a frog pond. She is his sweet wild rose, his peerless Marie. After the ceremony, Marie becomes Molly and the liege lord of the establishment raises Hades on every possible occasion. I am inclined to the theory of evolution. God created the ancestral ape, and by and by the progress of civilization demanded a second edition, and thus we have man.

The Psalmist sang: "Who is man, that anybody should be mindful of him?" A revision being called for, woman was the result. Boast not thyself, old man, for woman is but a revised edition of yourself. Have a care how you slight this crowning jewel of created beings, for one who knows has said:

"Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned."

WILL L. DICKIN.

## WHAT CAUSED HIM TO REFORM.

At a temperance meeting one of other workers read a story entitled, The Little Shoes Did It. It was about a man who had been reclaimed from the vice of intemperance by seeing the saloon-keeper's little child come into the saloon, holding out her feet for the father to look at her fine new shoes. It made the drunkard think of his own barefooted children at home, impoverished in order that the saloon-keeper's child might be well shod, and he quit drink from that moment.

At the conclusion of the recital a shabby, dissipated looking man in the back of the hall began to sob.

"Ah," said the reader from the platform, to the sobbing man, "you have been there yourself."

The weeping man, with his face buried in his hands, nodded assent.

"And have you reformed?"

Another vigorous nod.

"Then it was the little shoes of the saloon-keeper's little girl that did it?"

"No," he replied, sadly; "it was the saloon-keeper's little boot. He kicked me out!"



A CASE OF NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

CUSTOMERS—Say, boss, we wants to get some ready-made clothes.

CLERK—All right, gentlemen; just take off your ulsters and we'll try them on.

CUSTOMER (Ka Wa, the Zulu Chieftain)—Doan be surprised, boss; we jess cum down from the Dime Museum.



## AN ANARCHIST'S NIGHT OFF.



are seldom heard of by the outside world.

Patterson was one of the group made up of the "late" men—the telegraph editors, night editors, news editors, two or three night city editors, and men who had been doing late details, or writing late on special articles—men from all the morning papers.

Patterson was indeed a conspicuous member of the party; it indulged him in his crankiness; and that cemented him in the circle.

Patterson was an anarchist. There was no doubt about it, for he declared the fact pugnaciously—he was against government. However, he could—and upon instruction did—write convincing editorials exalting the everlasting necessity of law and order.

He generally made himself anarchically drunk after much of such writing, and so, as a temperance measure, he had abandoned editorial and taken up special writing, in which he rapidly made himself popular on his paper.

One day, after an especially good piece of work, the managing editor sent for him.

Patterson affected a violent dislike of Mr. Rogers, the managing editor. In the first place, he represented the paper's government; next, he received a yearly salary of ten thousand a year!—a crime in itself, Patterson contended.

Little Tommy Paget, a disciple of Patterson, and who did very good about-town-stuff, argued that the story of Rogers's ten-thousand-a-year was a manifest fiction, because there was not so much money in the world.

Besides being a governor and a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year man, Mr. Rogers was quite a swell in clubdom, and popular in a very good set in society. This was hateful to the anarchist.

"That was a very good story of yours this morning," said Mr. Rodgers, in the hearing of half-a-dozen men. Patterson was silent.

"Mrs. Rogers and my daughter both spoke of it and liked it, and it's always pleasant to hear women praise the paper. Get the women of a household in favor of your paper, and you there have a steadfast subscriber."

"Very kind of you and the ladies," growled Patsy; "anything special for me to-day?"

"Yes. I want you to go to the Moss estate trial, and when the shorthand man's stuff is written out, take it and lighten it up. By the way, Patterson, my wife would like to have you up to dine with us some Sunday evening."

"Very kind of her, but—"

"But you never 'do the society act,' you were going to say. Well, it'll do you good. Say a week from Sunday."

Mr. Rogers was smiling good-naturedly, a dozen men were waiting for orders on a hundred dozen things about the next day's paper, and Patterson felt he would look foolish persisting in the refusal of such an invitation. He bowed his thanks and acceptance and left.

"Patterson is going to dine with the 'old man!'" Nothing else was talked about at supper that night. A society editor swore he would write it up in his "Notable Events;" Griggs, the paper's "sketched-on-the-spot" artist, exhibited a drawing of Patterson, in a dress suit, haranguing a mob of wild-eyed anarchists; and little Paget roared with delight at his own suggestion that Patsy should wear a red neck-tie and handkerchief.

PATSY'S going to dine with the 'old man!'"

This information concerning Patterson, commonly known to his friends as "Patsy," created a sensation in the group of newspaper men who heard it.

They were at supper—the welcome two-o'clock-in-the-morning supper of the day laborers in journalism, the men who grind wearily, wearily, and

The subject of this chaff growled out that it would be paying enough for the privilege of being near the throne to have to lose one night's work, and he'd be hanged if he'd wear a dress suit even if he could get one. "What the 'old man' wants," said he, to his supper companions, "is to exhibit a live crank, and I'll just fool 'em. I'll be more of a crank than they like."

"The red tie! The red tie!" shouted Paget.

"Yes, the red tie, and the wildest kind of anarchist talk," continued Patsy; "if I am played for a freak to make up an old man's holiday, I'll just go him one more than he expects."

Patterson thought over his determination as he climbed the hills to his room that night, and it did not please him. After all, he would be doing only what was expected of him, and there was very little independence in that. He took out his old dress suit and put it on. The effect was more amusing than satisfactory.

"It would be so much more fun to fool the 'old man' the other way, that if I could, I would."

The next day, Patterson sought a man he had become acquainted with through interviewing him, and had afterward come to know well, and like, despite the man's misfortune of wealth.

Newspaper men have few acquaintances outside of their own ranks. Their hours of labor and leisure would make difficult, even if their inclinations were less intensely clannish. Still, Patterson did meet and dine with millionaire Barker often enough to keep up a friendship that had considerable warmth.

During their acquaintance, Patterson had asked for no "favor" such as the millionaire was accustomed to grant with perfect good nature and great frequency to scores of companions less agreeable than Patterson.

Patsy always earned good pay. He wrote on space, and having tremendous facility and some ability, ground out vast quantities of copy and sold most of it. So he did not have to borrow, yet there never came a pay-day when he could buy his dinner without first collecting for his week's work.

But this has nothing to do with the story. I felt in the mood for explaining that my friend Patterson was no more improvident than his kind. Do not be shocked—the next day he asked his friend Barker for credit with his tailor.

Barker—he was a young man—wrote something on on a letter-head, put it in an envelope, addressed it to his tailor, and handed it to Patterson, with the remark: "Going to get married, Patsy?"

"No," he answered; "perhaps some of us do get married when we have to get credit for the clothes to do it in, but I am even more to be congratulated; I'm going to dine with the 'old man,' and I'm going to fool him."

"Fool him?"

"Yes; he wants to show his set a crank, and I'm going there as a drawing-room model Sunday week."

Barker laughed. "Then I shall see you, for I'll be there."

"Will you? Oh, by the way, you dine there often—what's their game?"

Patterson talked a long time with his friend about the Rogers dinners, and went away thoroughly posted on the people he would probably meet, what they talked about, and their present fads. He learned, for one thing, that that set was just then interested in hypnotism, which he considered a fortunate accident, as he had a medical friend who was making a special study of it, and he could cram on that conveniently. He went in to some theatre every night for the double purpose of supplying himself with small-talk of the shows and studying the dress of the men he saw come in the theatre-parties.

He gorged himself with recent novels and magazine discussions, and, in fact, put in ten days' hard persistent work in preparing to fool the "old man."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Emma," said Mr. Rogers, on that Sunday afternoon on his return from the editorial-rooms, to which he had just run down to see how things were going "Emma, I am a little worried about Patterson. I know from the way he lives that he saves nothing, and I'm half afraid he has no dress-suit."

"Then," replied Mrs. Rogers, decidedly, "he won't come. I knew his people very well, and they were very nice. I went to school with his eldest sister, who married that New Yorker, and if he has any of the family traits, you need not fear about his dress."

"But they were rich then, and now Patterson—but from some jokes going around the office, I fancy he will try and show off his crankiness, and, to tell the truth, I hope he will. He amuses himself by pretending to be an anarchist, and—"

"Frank, dear, you dress for dinner. If he is a

crank, he is a well-bred one, and he will merely amuse us all."

Mrs. Rogers was well-bred herself, and put great stress on that phase of fortune. She also had an independent income equal to her husband's salary, and adopted a little air of authority, which you may have observed in wives who have independent incomes.

"The 'old man,' the terror of his staff, obeyed the order to dress meekly enough, staying only to say: "Whom will you send Patterson in with?"

"Fannie."

"Fannie? Really, dear, don't you think that Barker—"

"Mr. Barker needs a little discipline to remind him that he has not yet asked for the right to be always paired off with Fannie, and she can be trusted to keep your anarchist within reasonable bounds."

\* \* \* \* \*

If Patterson's name had not been announced so distinctly, Mr. Rogers would not have known him when he entered the reception-room. The wild, weird beard had gone with the mustache in the transformation, and the anarchist stood confessed in clean-shaven, strong, handsome face, in faultless dress from tie to shoe—self-possessed, quiet, suave. Mrs. Rogers gave a quick look of surprise from Patterson to her husband. The anarchist saw it and grinned inwardly—so far, he had fooled the "old man."

He was introduced to Fannie by mamma, and even before dinner was announced, he and that charming young lady were in a most animated conversation about—nothing. He was progressing finely.

Barker, from Mrs. Roger's side at dinner, was amazed and delighted. He had hoped to go in with Fannie, to be sure, but he took consolation in regarding Patterson somewhat as his protégé, and when he noticed the ever-widening circle included in the listeners to Patterson's rattling small talk, he determined to be wholly unselfish and assist the success.

Barker was a clever man, and, besides, had an intimate knowledge of Patterson, so he was able to adroitly force the outside talk into the anarchist's circle, and had the satisfaction of finding that surprising young man the acknowledged centre of the whole table's animation.

Rogers alone seemed outside the charm. As he observed his daughter's manifest delight in the new guest, he glanced with furtive alarm at his wife and Barker. Everything appeared serene in that quarter, yet Rogers felt resentful—at what he hardly knew. He tried once to trap Patterson into turning his crank, by an allusion to anarchy, made directly at the young man.

"Oh, I went in for anarchy myself once," said the intrepid Patsy, lightly; "but the difficulty of finding any one who understood what I was after bored me, and I dropped it. Anyway, fads should be treated only as temporary expedients for entertainment, and when they are in the nature of an ism, they should not be given much serious thought, unless, by the way, it is hypnotism. Now, a medical friend of mine—" and in a moment Patterson had the whole company listening with undisguised interest to stories of strange experiments in hypnotism.

His success lasted all the evening.

After dinner there was music, and Patterson sang with Fannie—the beggar had a melting baritone voice. He even managed a tête-à-tête with that winsome young woman, and the exhilaration of his success gave a tender tremor to the nothings he said, and—well, Fannie was young, and I have said he was handsome.

\* \* \* \* \*

Poor Patsy! He sat a long time in his room that night, still in his soft, clinging dress-suit. He hated to take it off; he was another man in it; he almost felt that he had a right to think of Fannie, so long as he retained the conventional garb that was a part of his evening's experience.

He changed his dress slowly and went down-town to supper with the boys. When Paget heard the story of how Patsy fooled the "old man"—there was no mention of Fannie in the story—the little chap yelled with delight and declared it was a better fake than the red necktie.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You see, Frank, there was some wisdom in my sending Fannie in with your reformed anarchist—the handsome young rascal—instead of with Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Rogers, when the managing editor came home shortly after the following midnight; "it brought Mr. Barker around here this evening, and he will ask you for Fannie to-morrow."

"And Fannie?"

"Oh, she has been talking sentimental nonsense to-day about that Mr. Patterson, but we need not ask him here any more; let him return to—anarchy."—Edward W. Townsend, in *The Argonaut*.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate  
For Indigestion.

Dyspepsia, and diseases incident thereto.



## GOLDLACE DISCOURSES ON THE PLAZA HOTEL.

It has been the habit of those who are desirous of expressing unqualified admiration of a magnificent building where money has been lavished freely, in the endeavor to make it all that will please the eye, comfort the body and rest the senses, to describe it as "simply palatial." Having reached their superlative, they can add no more.

It has been the writer's fortune to wander through all manner and kind of palaces, from the tumble-down, damp and decaying rookeries of France, Italy, Spain and Mexico, to those majestic piles of masonry occupied by England's royal family, where he saw miles of corridors and stairways, tons of inconvenience and architectural and inartistic barbarisms. But never, until the other day, when he made a thorough examination of the new Plaza Hotel, situated at the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, New York, was the conception formed by him of what a "palace" should be, fully realized. No monarch ever occupied apartments so luxurious; arrangements for comfort and rest so perfect and artistic. It is not only the most magnificent hotel in the world, but is truly the most sumptuous abode that mankind has ever dwelt in. We now can say "New York has the *one* hotel in the world that can be justly named the Acme." Chicago, that so long has crowed about her huge Pacific and Auditorium, and that hotel gem "of purest rays serene," the Richelieu, can now hide her diminished head; while as for that abode of English insolence and grandeur, the Metropole, of London, England, it can retire to second place in the hotel world, yielding the first to the Plaza. To commence with, the Plaza's location is central an unexceptionable—central for the tourist, for the resident, for the business man and for the family. Fifth avenue stages, cross, and belt-line cars (carrying their passengers by all the steamship docks and ferries, elevated and surface roads) pass the door. Within half a block of the hotel is the terminal station of the Sixth Avenue Elevated R. R., where trains are made up, thus insuring those who there take the cars a seat down-town.

Arriving at any depot, at any dock or ferry-house in New York, there is no hotel so quickly and easily accessible. How often have we on arriving at midnight by a delayed train, crossed the ferry and walked a long distance to Broadway to catch a surface car, or taking the elevated road, were left many squares from the Broadway hostelry we were accustomed to patronize. In such cases we have preferred to drag our weary limbs across the town to trusting ourselves to the mercy of some disreputable "night-hawk" hackman and his filthy vehicle. The very thought of being able under such circumstances to emerge from the ferry-house, bid the noisy hackmen defiance, take an elevated train, and in a few moments arrive at the Plaza, where, courteously received by one of the veteran and accomplished gentlemen who constitute the office staff, have a room assigned, and amidst the most perfect surroundings retire and feel that one is breathing the pure, untainted air of God which hovers over the Park, is enough to make one really want to "arrive." The north, or Fifty-ninth street side of the Plaza Hotel, commands a grand view of New York's exquisite pleasure grounds, Central Park. One could gaze from the windows for hours upon the beautiful foliage, through which you catch the most charming glimpses of the sleeping lake, sylvan glade, dripping grottoes and winding drives.

The Fifth avenue, or east front of the hotel, gives a view of the park; also of the Plaza, or square, where New York's glittering equipages, wealth and fashion pass in daily parade. Only on the west side are there any buildings, and they are so low as not to interfere with the perfect view from most any window in the house. In the distance, we see the Hudson flowing in majestic silence, and beyond we catch dissolving views of the blue Palisades. The form of the building is that of three sides of a square, so it will be readily understood why there cannot be what is generally known as "inside rooms"—rooms that look out upon the regulation dismal hotel "well," where the first thought of the occupant as he glances from his window is, "I wonder what I am sentenced for, and for how long."

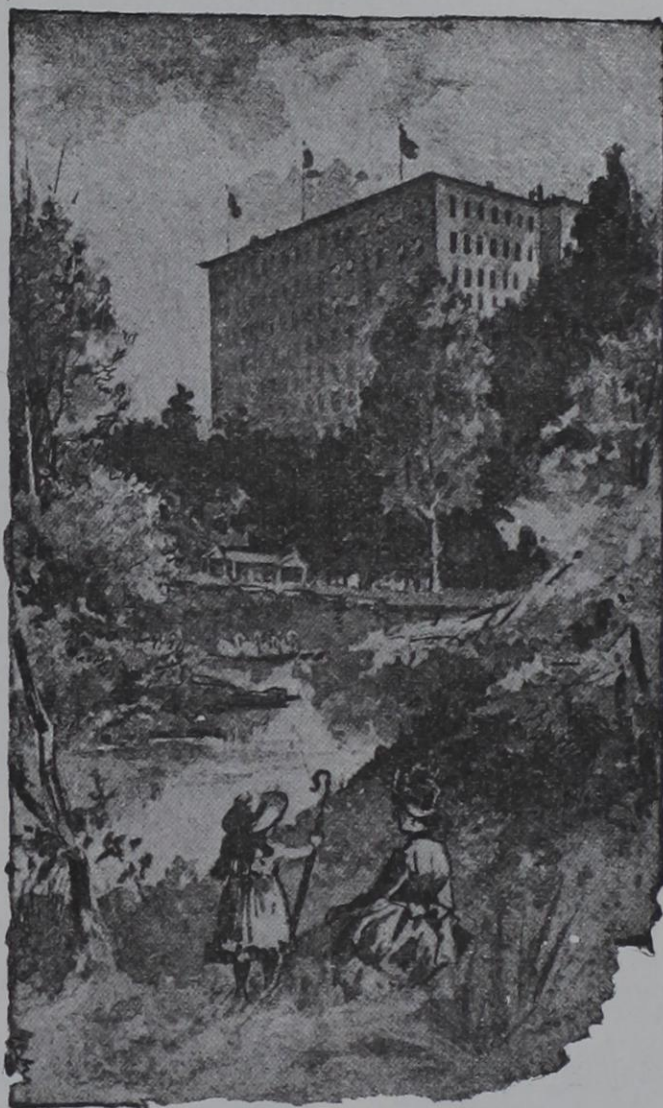
The Plaza is a fire-proof structure. How under any circumstances a fire could originate within its walls we are as much at loss to conjecture as we are to understand how any fire from neighboring buildings could possibly affect it. And why in the name of common sense there is placed in this house such perfect, approved and expensive arrangements for the extinguishing of even the largest conflagration, we cannot comprehend; for there is no more chance of their being called into requisition than there was of the door-plate

bearing a stranger's name, which Mrs. Toodles bought at auction with the idea that it would "come handy" if she ever had a daughter and that daughter should marry a man bearing the cognomen which was blazoned on the door-plate.

The lobby, the halls and corridors on the entrance floor are laid in rustic style of mosaic, composed of bits of polished mottled granite, reminding one of a possible shower of swan's-down, slightly spattered with rain drops. The effect is very restful and pleasing to the eye. In the centre of this mosaic tile is a royal lion done in colored marbles. The lion seems to be the coat of arms of the hotel, and he appears in the centre of the lace shades and curtains throughout the building. The office faces the Fifth avenue or main entrance. Diagonally to the right is found the reading-room, the windows of which look out upon Fifth avenue's Plaza and Park.

There is an air of quiet elegance and refinement to this room which causes one to feel that a letter written in it would by mere attrition carry the stamp of gentleman wherever it went. "There is much in association," said the genial octogenarian poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, as we stood in his study examining a trilobite; "I had been requested to write a cosmic article, and not until a friend brought me this specimen of an extinct crustacea did my thoughts flow freely on the subject."

Walking along the Fifth avenue corridor you pass into that of Fifty-eighth street, which leads to the café and wine-room. These rooms are also accessible from the Fifty-eighth street entrance. In the café the electric light is filtered through squares and ovals of jeweled glass, and gleams from the brilliant petals of glass flowers pendant from the ceiling.



THE PLAZA, AS SEEN FROM THE LAKE.

In a corresponding situation on the Fifty-ninth street side, and accessible therefrom are rooms where guests who prefer to live *à la carte*, can breakfast, lunch, wine, dine and sup. The outlook from the windows of these rooms is one of peaceful beauty, giving a sense of quietude and rest.

This great dining room hall is finished in gold and white with stained glass windows and an arched roof fretted with gold. There are wainscotings of oak and beautifully painted panels.

The parlors are miracles of the decorator's art. In the language of our own J. Armoy Knox, who was with us during this period of inspection, "the building is a poem; the architects and decorators not only scientists and artists but poets."

A noticeable thing about the arrangement of the rooms is that for the entire length of each corridor they can be made to constitute: first, a series of connecting suites; second, single suites of as many rooms as the guests may choose or require; third, separate and individual rooms. There is also a peculiar feature in the method of furnishing the rooms. The style is carried up from the first bedroom floor to the top of the house, each room being furnished like the one below it, and each lower room beginning a different style. Heavy

carved mahogany, with brass trimmings in colonial style, is everywhere. In fact there is a strong colonial tinge in the decoration and furnishing of the hotel throughout. In some of the parlors the chairs cost \$100 each.

Opening to the "Cutler and U. S. Mail Shute" are on every floor, in which guests can deposit their letters, which pass directly into the United States mail box below.

The elegance and beauty of the decorations of the Plaza Hotel are such that a volume would be required to describe them fully. The entire cost of the hotel, up to the present writing, is three million dollars. There are over four hundred rooms in it, and more private bath and toilet rooms than in any other hotel in existence. In the furnishing of the hotel mahogany has been largely employed. In the smoking-room is a great table the top of which is six feet in diameter, and the standard of which is composed of a root of a mahogany tree. Thirty trees were saved up before one was found which would produce a beautiful piece of mahogany to form the top of this table. Upon its walls are pictures in oil of Mr. Hammond's favorite horses and his kennel of dogs.

On the basement floors there is a very handsome billiard-room, where guests can enjoy themselves at any one of the ten tables, which are the best of the Brunswick-Balk-Collender output, and even get quite excited, and a little noisy, over their game without disturbing any of the other guests of the house. There is also, on the basement floor, the largest and most complete engine-room we have ever examined in a hotel. It is occupied by two large Whitehill Corliss engines of one hundred and seventy-five horse-power each, and the electricity generated by them constitutes the illuminating power of the hotel. There is also another Corliss engine of sixty horse-power which runs the elevators and laundry and does the pumping. A refrigerating and ice machine of large capacity is also in the engine-room. The hotel is eight stories high, the help occupying quite sumptuous apartments on the top floor. Waiters, chambermaids and bell-boys have been culled from the very best and most experienced of their class in the city. One of the latter who escorted us about was exceedingly polite, intelligent and gentlemanly. His livery, like that of all the boys, was quiet but rich—a soft dove-color, and fitted him to perfection—really, quite the swellest thing we've ever seen. The hallmen are all in uniform. They are colored men, and seem to be selected not only with an eye to their efficiency, intelligence and deportment, but to their looks. They are really a remarkably fine-looking and appearing body of men. The system of an annunciator and waiter upon each floor renders a quick response to the bells of certainty. We know of but two other hotels (the Murray Hill, and the charming and *recherché* Richelieu, of Chicago) where this system is in vogue. The laundry and kitchen are on the second floor. Both are fitted with the very best and latest of machinery and apparatus. The ranges in the kitchen are divided into those that burn hard coal and gas. They are of a Pittsburg manufacture, and we remember to have seen something like them, though not as complete, in the Hotel Anderson, at that place. The broiler is a very ingenious affair, and with the *Chef* they now have at the Plaza, some wonderful "broils," the fame of which will go around the epicurean world, are certain to be produced. Speaking of the very necessary and philanthropic individual, the *Chef*, permit us to introduce Senor Don Jose T. Campazzi. He has been the *Chef* to the Emperor of Brazil, Gov. Tilden, Murray Hill Hotel for three years, and Manhattan Beach Hotel for six seasons. That the hotel is under the famous Murray Hill management is sufficient guarantee that everything for the comfort and happiness of its fortunate guests, that mortals of unlimited talent and means at their command can do, will be done. Mr. F. A. Hammond, brother of Mr. Hammond of the Murray Hill, has a lease of this house for ten years, and while every one congratulates him they wish him, the success he deserves and that they know he and the hotel will achieve. Mr. Hammond's staff in the office consists of Mr. Henry W. Redell, and Mr. Thomas W. Adams, both formerly of the Windsor Hotel, New York; Mr. Jesse Hipple, formerly of the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, and Mr. Ira A. Swan, formerly of the United States Hotel, Saratoga Springs. These gentlemen are well-known to the *habitués* of America's first-class hotels.

With all the lavish outlay of money and pains that have been taken to insure the perfect comfort of its guests, the rates of the hotel are no higher than we have been accustomed to pay at those which aim to be in the same class. To our readers in Europe we have a special word to say: that is, when you come to New York stop at the Plaza, and we will pledge our word for it, that before you leave you will say that SIFTINGS has not exaggerated its advantages, and only imperfectly described its elegance and many attractions. *Vive, vale.*

GOLDLACE.





HE PLEADS FOR CHILDREN.

The Reverend Doctor Benjamin F. De Costa, rector of the church of St. John, the Evangelist, struck a keynote of the harmony of human nature when he said that "the beauty of the parks of New York should be made the servant—not the tyrant—of the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of our children." Those who heard Dr. De Costa's sermon in which he made this remark, say it was a most manly and pointed appeal for the 100,000 children of this city who are forced to play in the streets and alleys and in the very teeth of our 10,000 saloons. If the city had a few men in temporal power like Dr. De Costa New York would soon have some play grounds where its children could get some of that first requisite for a successful manhood—fresh air.

D. Willis James Mayor may not be. He may as well take that for Granted now.

Dr. Samuel A. Green, the efficient secretary of the Peabody Educational Fund, has been re-elected.

William H. Bellamy and J. Thomas Stearns made a good pair of secretaries. They may get into a cabinet.

It costs Lucky Baldwin \$75,000 a year to run his stables, but then he sometimes makes that amount on a single race!

Assistant Postmaster James Gaylor went to Canada but he came back all right. He went on a well-earned vacation.

Hugh Bootman may be "the Honorable Hugh Bootman" early in November. November is a great "Hon." maker or breaker.

Mrs. Ferdinand Marsily, the popular president of the Ladies' Art Association, was complimented by a reception tendered her recently by the association.

Judge Lacombe made a pleasant duty for somebody the other day. He allowed a commission to be sent to Ireland to see what relatives of the late A. T. Stewart are there, if any.

John B. Mayo, Benno Levison and D. Lowber Smith have been trying to harmonize the Nineteenth District for several weeks now. They are a great trio of peace-makers.

Charles W. Dayton, according to the Sun, is a connecting link, uniting the P. M. L. with Grace. It may be added right here that Mr. Dayton does everything with grace.

If every Republican in town were as lively and efficient as Wheeler H. Peckham the Braves might soon be mournfully sighing, "things have changed since Hanna died."

J. H. McAlpine and his daughter, Mrs. J. T. Pyle, will bear the expense of rebuilding Olivet church in the rear of Nos. 59, 61 and 63 Second street. The cost will be about \$75,000.

Misses Jennie Bowtelle, Lillian Linsley and Mary E. Bole are three happy

misses. They are the successful candidates for the three recent vacancies in the training department of the Normal College.

Ex-County Clerk Patrick Keenan, the big chief of the Counties in the XIIth District, has given evidence that if there is one thing more than Tammany Hall that he likes, it is a plate of corned beef and cabbage.

Alfred de Cordova, the broker, recently lost his \$25,000 horse Bayome Prince, that he was using for breeding purposes, on his farm at Chetolah, North Branch. The horse took cold and was found lying dead in his stable.

Brigadier-General Fitzgerald wants all the armories built hereafter to be situated somewhere below Fourteenth street, and Mayor Grant says he will act according to that opinion. The General is moving on to Baxter street.

General Earle, cigar inspector for Uncle Sam, is getting up in the world, and it's all because he knows a good thing, particularly a cigar, when he sees it. Collector Erhardt has raised his salary to \$2,000 "because of his good services."

Henry W. Poor, the millionaire, was about a dozen years making up his mind to become a member of the Stock Exchange, which he joined the other day. He has been a Wall street broker all the time, too. Mr. Poor's "Railroad Manual" is known all over the country.

President Oscar Malden, of Electric Club, and his fellow members, ought to have a medal for the musical chandelier. The music of a brass band a mile away was transmitted to receivers concealed in a chandelier over the banquet table at a recent dinner of the club, and all heard the strains plainly.

At the Lambs' Club the other night a newly-arrived cockney was singing John Reed's song, "All round my 'At," when some fellows outside took up the refrain of "Down went McGinty," thinking that was the melody sung, when the fact is it was stolen bodily from the old English ballad.

The youngest journalist, probably, in New York, is Miss Margaurita Hamm, recently from Boston, from which city she brought the highest letters of recommendation as to her talent and literary ability. She is only eighteen, and her articles from Bar Harbor this season attracted so much attention that two of the leading editors of this city wrote to her, engaging her services for their journals.

William Waldorf Astor, Henry E. Caesar, George Coppel, Austin Corbin, Henry W. Maxwell, Edward H. Van Ingen, William Augustus Walker, and Marshall Orme Wilson have joined the Chamber of Commerce. A committee was then appointed to make arrangements for the 122nd annual dinner of the Chamber, which will be held on November 18. It would seem from this that the

gentleman joined just in time to help eat the dinner—and pay for it. Is this an example of effect and cause?

Senator John Gilmore Boyd wants such changes in the excise law "as will secure such liberty in the observance of Sunday customs as shall regard the rights, opinions and tasks of all classes of respectable people." The Senator is president of the Citizens' Alliance, Frederick Luhrs is secretary, and such men as Mayor Grant, Coroner Levy, Henry Clews, Henry Nichols, Dr. John Friedrich, A. H. Gallahue, Judge Edward Browne and ex-Senator William Caulwell are interested.

Madame Evalina Roberts, a native of Montreal, Canada, possesses a superb dramatic soprano voice of great sweetness and power. She is at present attracting much attention in musical circles, and recently at a concert given by the German College of Music received quite an ovation. This lady last season made a great hit as Marguerite in Faust, and Elmore in Trovatore, at the Grand Opera House. She is a handsome brunette, of commanding presence and much personal magnetism. She will assuredly become a great favorite with the public. She is only twenty-five years old.

Miss Gertrude Griswold, first prize Paris Conservatory, who has sung at the Grand Opera, Paris, and the Italian Opera, London, has removed her conservatory to 52 West Ninth street. Her classes resumed work on September 15. Miss Griswold directs all classes in singing, Miss Emilie Bournos gives instruction in piano, and Mr. Americo Gori in theory. Both as a singer and a teacher, Miss Griswold has been highly successful. A class for the Italian language under Dr. L. A. Barolt, and a children's class in solfeggio have also been added.—The American Musician.

What is the secret of the fact that professional nurses (female) are so often plump, jolly and good-looking? William Turnbull of the Board of Governors of the New York Hospital handed thirteen nurses of the training school their diplomas the other day, and some of them were handsome, were they not, Mr. Turnbull? We won't say which, but their names are among these: Mary E. Brown, Nancy Benedict, Sarah M. Nelson, Mrs. Lettie Wilson, Emily L. Simpson, Kate Lasher, Annie L. Withington, Mrs. Emma D. Ewing, Helen B. Conant, Edith Brown, Janet Gahring, Emma Bowe, and Elizabeth Price.

**RHEUMATISM**  
NOT TEMPORARILY  
RELIEVED BUT  
PERMANENTLY  
**CURED**  
Send your address, with a two cent stamp for  
TREATISE ON RHEUMATISM, and full information  
regarding its Cure—name this paper  
**YELLOW PINE EXTRACT CO.**  
Box 246. PITTSBURGH, PA.

USE BOILING WATER OR MILK.  
**EPPS'S**  
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING  
**COCOA**  
SOLD IN LABELLED ½ LB. TINS.

**MONEY**  
IN  
**FRUIT**  
**POULTRY**  
AND  
**STOCK**  
BOOKS WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD!  
BY MAIL POSTAGE PAID AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:  
Ladies Guide to Fancy Work, Illustrated, \$ .25  
How to Propagate and Grow Fruit, Ill'd, .25  
American Live Stock Manual, Illustrated, .25  
Guide to Profitable Poultry Raising, Ill'd, .25  
Employment Seekers Guide, New Openings, &c., .25  
Western World Guide and Hand-Book, .50  
Dickens' Complete Works, 12 Vols., 1.00  
Waverley Novels, by Walter Scott, 20 Vols., 1.50  
The Western World, Illustrated, One Year, .25  
Sample Copy and 100 Page Catalogue, .10  
Chance to Save Money on a Thousand Articles,  
many of which we send free for a few Subscribers.  
Address THE WESTERN WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

## Long Experience.

New York Editor—"Want a place on our staff, eh? What experience have you had?"

Applicant—"Twenty years on Philadelphia papers, sir."

Editor—"Ah, I see. John!"

John (office boy)—"Yes, sir."

Editor—"Ask the agricultural editor if he needs an assistant."—Yew York Weekly.

**Prompt relief in sick headache,** dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills—One a dose. Small Price. Small dose. Small pill.

THE phonograph needs no eulogy. It speaks for itself.—Exchange. Better than that its manners are so good that it never speaks until it is spoken to. And worse than that it tells all it hears and cannot be trusted with secrets.—New Orleans Picayune.

EVERY  
**SKIN, SCALP,**  
**& BLOOD**  
**DISEASE**  
Cured by  
**Cuticura**

EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humbling, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

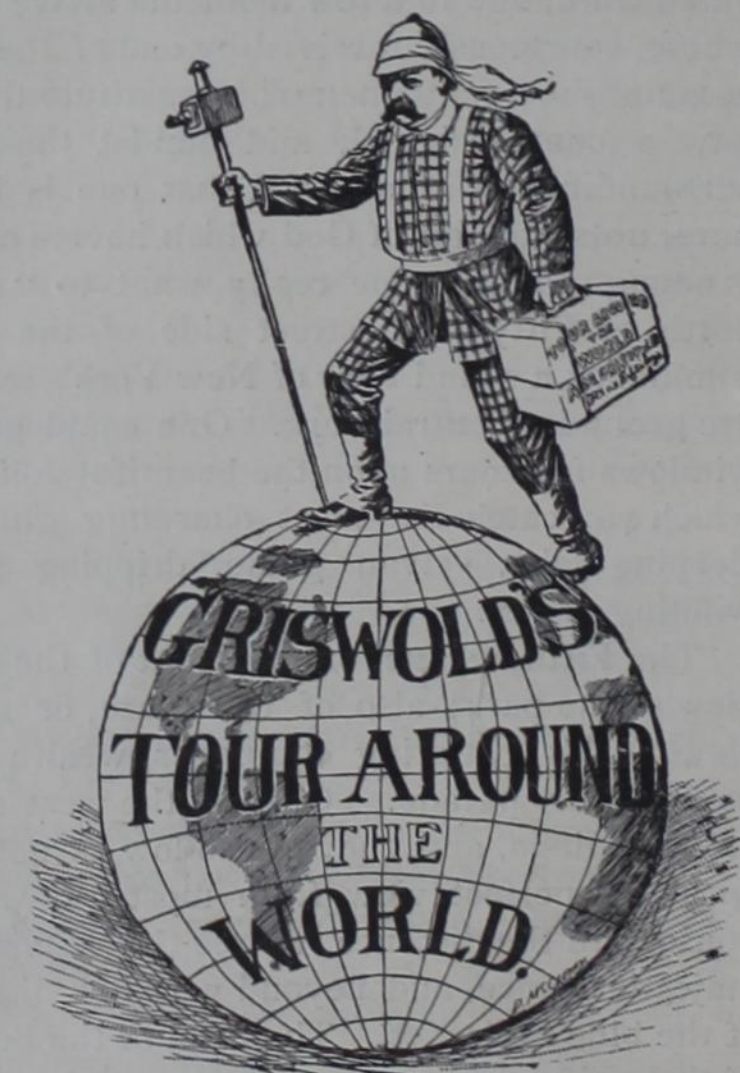
Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Pimples, Blackheads chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

**1000 DOLLARS.**  
I will forfeit the above amount if I fail to prove that *Flora's* is the best remedy in the world for the speedy and permanent cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility, and Consumption. I will gladly send a free bottle of this wonderful medicine, prepaid, to every reader of this paper, thus giving all sufferers a chance to test its merits, free of cost. Over 70,000 testimonial letters on file from living witnesses who have been cured. Write to-day, stating your disease, or ask your Druggist for it and get well. Address **PROF. HART, 88 Warren St., New York.**

## SEASON 1890-91



**A. MINER GRISWOLD,**  
("FAT CONTRIBUTOR")

Editor of TEXAS SIFTINGS, New York, will be in the lecture field the coming season, with his two humorous illustrated lectures:

1.--"Tour 'Round the World."  
2.--"New York to, and All About Paris."

For dates and terms application must be made to  
**THE SLAYTON LYCEUM BUREAU,**  
Belvedere House, New York;  
Or **CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,**  
Chicago.

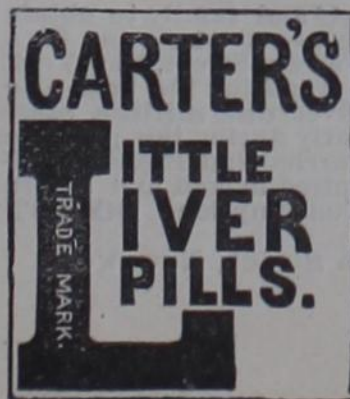
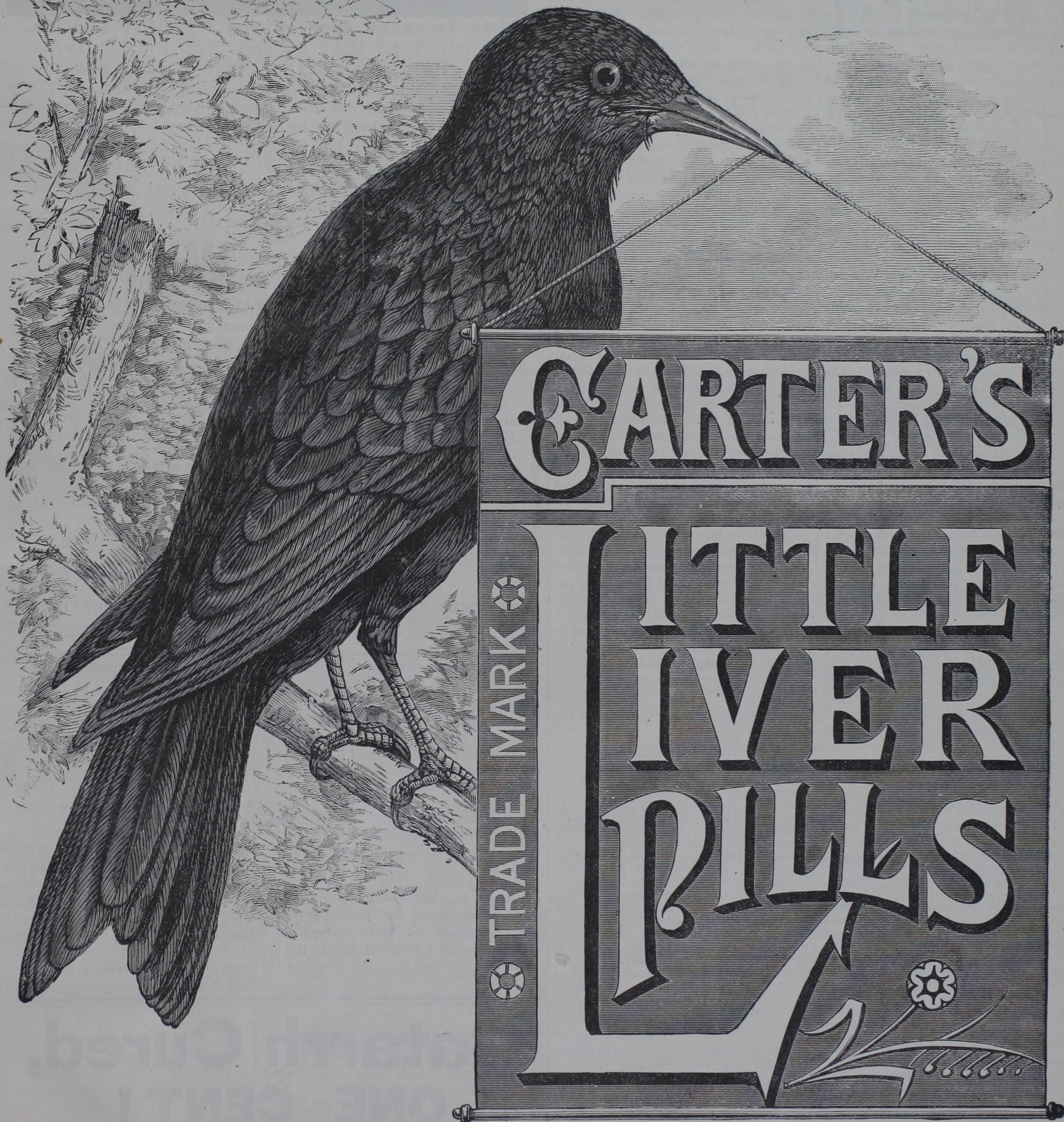
They are Mr. Griswold's sole agents.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**



# SICK HEADACHE

POSITIVELY CURED



**TORPID LIVER POSITIVELY CURED BY CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation. The Smallest and easiest to take. PURELY VEGETABLE, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET FREE.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., 57 Murray Street, New York.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.



## America's Pioneer Publishers.

The harmony that exists between author, publisher and reader of the Harper publications reminds us of a conversation that some quarter of a century ago we held with one of the Brothers: "Which of you is the 'Harper' and which are the 'Brothers?'" we asked.

"The first one of us you meet is 'Harper,' and the rest of us are the Brothers." was the answer.

What a sensation, a mild, old-fashioned sort of a sensation, (the only kind we had in those days), the issuance of the first number of Harper's Magazine created! How well we remember the day it was lain upon our table for review (we were then on the Tribune), and even now when we place the folder between its uncut pages, we feel the same joyous anticipation of an intellectual feast we did in days of old. The very best thought of the country gathered about it, and it was *the* magazine of the land. We had so long been obliged to depend upon the stolid English magazines, like Frasier and Blackwood, in which you could not even get a glimpse of the meadows, their nodding daisies, sequestered violets and fragrant primroses, that this bright, breezy and classical American publication was received at once to our hearts. No usurper has ever been able to occupy its place.

When in 1856 Harper's Journal of Civilization—better known as Harper's Weekly, appeared—there was no doubt in the minds of the readers of the Monthly that it was bound to succeed. It was the *first* publication illustrating current events that was published in America. The expense attendant upon it was great. It was in its department a pioneer, and that meant a great deal. Artists had to be created out of the raw material; a reportorial staff organized of an altogether different calibre than that which composed the "Jenkins" and the "penny-a-liner" people of that day. How well the Harper Brothers succeeded that remarkable journal, Harper's Weekly is itself an eloquent witness. Embarking on the dangerous sea of politics, not for gain or influence, but that the universal brotherhood of humanity should be crowned as victors. It has pursued a calm, just, wise and fearless policy, and to-day stands of all the world *sans peur et sans reproche*. It is a power for pure government, civilization and the rights of man that no Autocrat, no government and no contemporary publication, no matter how impregnable their position, can afford to ignore. We will not dwell upon the remarkable career of this firm of Harper Brothers. Its founders have long since passed away, but the principles upon which their house was founded and conducted have lived after them. They, at a time the country was flooded with the cheap publications of English and French reprints and translations, started the Franklin Library, giving us the very best of English Classical Fiction. Among the monuments to their work that we have not mentioned are Harper's Young People, established some eleven years ago, and Harper's Bazar, which has held the place it first took, as a reliable fashion and gossip journal in the interest of America's refined women.

What a satisfaction it is to know that on recognizing the name of a firm of publishers on any publication that you can feel assured, first, that it is the best of its class; second, that it is of the best class; third, that you can, without hesitation, permit its appearance into your home. Also that for morality, purity and dignity; for advanced and rational thought, it contains all that you could desire, and in itself is an education on the subject of which it treats.

What an epitaph for Harper Brothers—the founders of this wonderful house—are the lines of Longfellow.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime."

## A Plea for the Gentler Sex.

Is it not about time that joking at the expense of noble women should be stopped? You can hardly take up a daily paper throughout the land, but you will find a coarse fling at some earnest reformer, the single woman of uncertain age, or the mother-in-law. Her age is a pebble in the hand of every underwitted boy to fling at her. Her zeal becomes the jeers of triflers, whose influence in the world compared to her's, is less than the breath of a broken bellows. Her individuality is mere crankiness in the estimation of striplings, who, if they should live until Time himself grew gray-headed, would never know one-third as much as she did before she learned the alphabet. Men, who never in this world, nor in the far-away possibilities of the next can hope to sprout a soul, bandy jests at her expense; stale witticisms are flung at her airily as old boots are flung at vagabond cats. Is there nothing sacred left for man's veneration? Has it come to pass that even the divine love, and the tireless patience of motherhood are without honor among men? Our grandmothers tell us, as one recalls the legends of a forgotten past, of a time when children were taught to be reverent, when young men were chivalrous, and old men were courtly gentlemen, yielding a beautiful deference to woman as her right, and to motherhood as the coronation that made a woman queen of heaven! Did you ever stop to think when you joined in the laugh that followed some coarse minstrel joke at a mother-in-law's expense, of all that is involved in that term? A mother has received from heaven—heaven's best gift—a precious child. She has brooded over every instant of its infant life. She has stood next to God in its helplessness. She has nursed it through terrible illnesses. She has guided and controlled, prayed away temptation and interposed her own bosom between the shafts of sorrow and its tender heart. Her child has grown to womanhood, dear as her own soul, as necessary to her life as sunshine is to the gaunt old earth, when lo! up steps a dapper youth and beckons her girl away. Where love leads young feet will follow, and the mother heart is bereft of its treasure, given over to the care of a stranger. I declare, when I think of it, I wonder there is a sane mother-in-law in the world.—Chicago Herald.

## Scientific Clothing.

We have it on good authority, that the "Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Co." have never been so well equipped for the fall and winter trade as now. It is simply wonderful what strides this company have made in extending the trade in the Jaeger goods since their introduction into this country, a little over four years ago. They have branch houses in this city, Brooklyn and Philadelphia, and agencies in nearly all the principal towns and cities in the United States and Territories. Mr. Schaffer, the present president of the company, a driving and capable business man, has just returned from Europe where he has completed arrangements for full and constant supplies of all the various articles manufactured under the Jaeger System. He is resolved that, hereafter, no one applying for these goods shall be turned away from their counters disappointed.

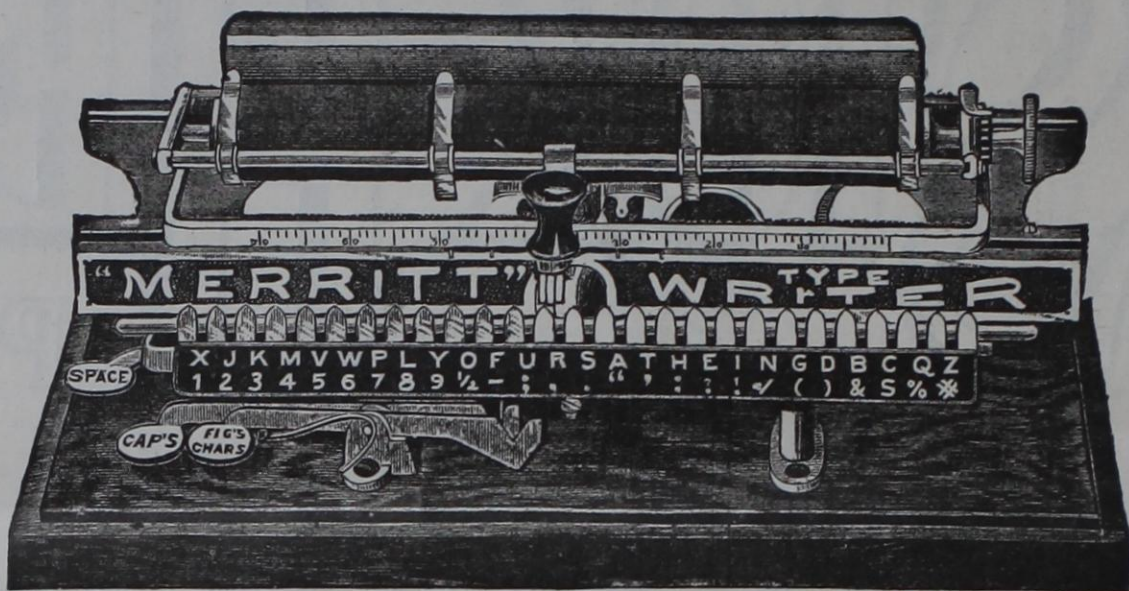
## According to the Game.

Mrs. Pokerdeck—"Ugh! The king of Owandaki must be a brute! He got intoxicated the other day and beat his three wives to death."

Mr. Pokerdeck—"That's right!"  
"Right, you—you brute! I suppose you'd try it on me, wouldn't you?"  
"No, no, no, my dear! But in his case it was right. A king full always beats three queens, you know!"—Lawrence American.

Use Angostura Bitters, the world renowned South American appetizer, of exquisite flavor.

## WHAT YOU WANT IS THE MERRITT TYPEWRITER.



This is exact copy of The "MERRITT'S" work. It is equal to that of any High Priced Typewriter. Relieves fatigue from steady use of pen. Improves spelling and punctuation. Interests and instructs children. The entire correspondence of a business house can be done with it. Learned in a half hour from directions. Prints capitals, small letters, figures and characters,—78 in all. Price \$15, complete.

## The MERRITT Typewriter is the BEST. WHY?

BECAUSE, It prints from CLEAR, METAL TYPE.

- " It prints with Perfect Alignment.
- " It has no Ribbon to Wear Out, Smut Fingers or Paper
- " It is a Simple, Compact Machine.
- " It is sent to any address on receipt of \$15.00.
- " It does work equal to the Hundred Dollar Machines.
- " It can both DUPLICATE and MANIFOLD.
- " No other low-priced Typewriter can do this.
- " No Rubber Type Machine can compete with it.
- " It is Everybody's Typewriter.
- " Everybody wants a MERRITT.

Write for Circulars, Voluntary Testimonials & Sworn-to Speed Test of 60 Words a Minute.

## LYON MANUFACTURING CO.,

SENT IMMEDIATELY TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, \$15.00.

59 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY,  
SOLE AGENTS.

## Things O. K.

A Western man, who owned a great farm in Dakota, was obliged to cross the water for business purposes. For three months he heard nothing from the man whom he had left in charge of the farm, and at last he became somewhat disturbed. He was an illiterate person, though a capital farmer, and the writing of a telegram was a matter of some difficulty. At last he sent off the following comprehensive message: "Is things all right at the farm?" Impatiently he awaited the answer. But his trusty foreman was a man of few words and strict ideas of economy, and the envelope which his anxious employer received as soon as possible, contained simply this message: "Things is."—San Francisco Argonaut.

## A Moving Friendship.

Travers—"How much are these trousers?"  
Tailor—"Twenty dollars, sir."  
Travers—"And you say you require a deposit from strangers?"  
Tailor—"Yes, sir."  
Travers (warmly)—"Already I feel myself growing intimate with you."—Atlanta Constitution.

## In the Conservatory.

Miss Flicker (interrupting)—"Why, Kitty, what on earth?"  
Mr. Spooner (hastily)—"Miss Brown's shoe pinches her, and I was loosening it."  
Miss Flicker—"Very thoughtful of you! But, Kitty, whatever induced you to come to a party in wading-boots?"—Drake's Magazine.

## Catarrh Cured, ONE CENT!

If you suffer from Catarrh, or any of its symptoms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do at an expense of one cent for a postal card, by sending your name and address to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 85 Warren Street, New York City, who will send you FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for curing Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and oftentimes fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this FREE recipe, as all Catarrhal and Bronchial affections can be cured at this time in less than one half the time required in cold and severe weather. The timely use of this great recipe may save you from the death tolls of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 85 Warren Street, New York.





Nowhere in the world is there a bigger amusement enterprise, considering building and attractions, than the Madison Square Garden. It is a modern Coliseum, the greatest palace of pleasure on the continent, the culmination of our efforts to amuse ourselves in this New World. The circus will begin to make history soon; its great amphitheatre, with the Seidl orchestra, is making most encouraging history, and its Garden Theatre with its coisness, its marble glittering walls and its rich, red opera chairs is also making history. But it is not encouraging history. Haste, even carelessness, has marked the opening weeks of this, the one theatre in New York that ought to be called The Jewel. Dr. Bill is not an excellent play—it hardly deserves moral support—and Jerome K. Jerome's Sunset seems to be an immature and somewhat futile effort of the author's developing days. The cause of this evident carelessness at the Garden Theatre is, undoubtedly, the newness of the great Madison Square enterprise and the fact that the theatre is only one of several features of the Garden Redivivus. A theatre in the centre of the artistic centre of the country must be run with respect for the intelligence of the patronage for which it bids. It is quite probable that the Messrs. French will show that they fully appreciate this by favoring the patrons of the Garden Theatre, as soon as possible, with a play which the audience can remember, on its way out, as one of artistic excellence and well worth their time, attention and money.

Clinton Stuart is writing a comedy for "Senator" Crane.

Pauline Hall will soon be seen at the new Columbus Theatre.

A dozen live alligators are used in Forepaugh's production of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Maurice Barrymore, in Reckless Temple, will be seen at the Standard in a week or two.

Belasco and De Mille's Men and Women will be seen for the first time at Proctor's on the 21st inst.

Niobe, a farce comedy, and a travesty as Pygmalion and Galatea, will soon be seen at the Garden Theatre.

The Skeleton Girl at the Philadelphia Dime Museum wants a husband. Her dowry, \$60,000, goes with her.

The Idler, by C. Hadden Chambers, will succeed Sothern's play at the Lyceum about the 1st of November.

The Kreutzer Sonata is said by musicians to be one of the purest and least suggestive of musical compositions.

Will R. Wilson's Inspector is one of Manager Rosenquest's attractions for the near future at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

The City Directory can be consulted at the Bijou for several weeks yet. Russell Comedians have made the string of specialties one of the successes of the season.

Manager Henry Miner has made the Fifth Avenue Theatre pay so far by renting it by the week. The Kendals will come to this theatre soon for a stay of several weeks.

During the engagement of Augustin

Daly's company in Philadelphia, the Chestnut Street Opera House was gay and beautiful with bunting, natural flowers and plants.

To-night Locke and Davis' Nero will begin a run at Niblo's. It will be pictorially splendid, and among the other remarkable features are the arena scene and the uncaged lions.

E. J. Schwartz, editor of the Philadelphia Telegraph and author of Dad's Girl, is the author of a new play, The Governess, which Effie Ellsler presented at Miner's People's Theatre last week.

General Sherman recently occupied a box at the Garden Theatre. Jesse Williams' Orchestra, says the kind-hearted and optimistic Freund's Music and the Drama, played a number of national airs, but left out Marching Through Georgia.

The Old Homestead at the Academy, although in its fourth year, is as refreshing as ever. How long the play will run is uncertain, but it is safe to assert that the time will come when dapper Alex. Comstock's mobile features will be adorned with gray whiskers, and he will tell anecdotes of how he remembered the time, some 30 years ago, when Denman Thompson first played the Old Homestead, and how the houses were just as large then as now, etc. But, joking aside, the play is more popular, if possible, than ever, and with its new scenery is one of the best attractions in New York.

Oh, if I only had her complexion! Why, it is easily obtained. Use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

GOVERNMENTS discuss the seal fishery possibilities as if the seal had no right to its own skin.—New Orleans Picayune.

**Women with pale, colorless faces,** who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.

PARSON BLUETT—"Brother Richard will please take up the collection." Deadwood Dick (the converted road-agent, reaching for his hip-pocket)—"Throw up yer hands, gents! Er—hold on—I mean, be liberal, brethren, for the good of the cause!—Puck.

## R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine For Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

**COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROATS, INFLAMMATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, ASTHMA, DIFFICULT BREATHING, INFLUENZA.**

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

INTERNALLY.

From 30 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains.

## MALARIA,

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious, and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

## DR. RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Regulate the Liver and Digestive Organs. 25c. a Box.

PIANOS

Are at present the most popular and

# SOHMER

PIANOS

preferred by the leading Artists.

NOS. 149 TO 155 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK.

National Greetings.

"How can you?" That's Swedish.  
 "How do you fare?" That's Dutch.  
 "How do you stand?" That's Italian.  
 "Go with God, senor." That's Spanish.  
 "How do you live on?" That's Russian.  
 "How do you perspire?" That's Egyptian.  
 "How do you have yourself?" That's Polish.  
 "How do you find yourself?" That's German.  
 "Thank God, how are you?" That's Arabian.  
 "May thy shadow never grow less." That's Persian.  
 "How do you carry yourself?" That's French.  
 "How do you do?" That's English and American.  
 "Be under the guard of God." That's the Ottoman's.  
 "How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?" That's Chinese.—Harrisburg Telegram.

Henry VIII. and His Son Edward.

The grim father was wild with delight when the prince was born. True, he had daughters—Elizabeth and Mary; but this was a son, a veritable heir to his throne! On such an occasion it was impossible to do too much, and accordingly, the christening was celebrated with unusual splendor. Magnificent carpets, with hangings of red silk and cloth of gold, decked the rooms through which the procession was to pass. A fire-pan full of coals, "with a goode perfume," was provided to keep the baby warm; the christening vessels were of solid silver, and all persons concerned in the ceremony were ablaze with jewels.

Then there was a grand procession to the chapel where the service was held—first came the attendant noblemen and servants, bearing each a torch or taper; next Princess Elizabeth, afterward "Good Queen Bess," herself so young that she was carried in arms; then, borne under a canopy, the baby-prince, with a train many times longer than his body; then the Princess Mary, who was to be godmother; then more attendants, more tapers, and at last the procession reached the chapel, and the baby was duly christened. His name and titles were proclaimed, splendid gifts were presented, a *Te Deum* was sung, refreshments were passed—the young princesses being treated to spiced wafers and wine; and finally, with a tremendous blare of trumpets to conclude the ceremony, the child was carried back to its mother.

King Henry drew up with his own hand a list of rules "for the best care and management"—as he wrote it—"of the holle realmes most precyouse joyelle [jewel], the Prince's Grace." No strangers were to visit him without special order (which was seldom granted); and no visitor must touch the prince except to kiss his hand.—St. Nicholas.

## I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

**DOES CURE CONSUMPTION**

In its First Stages.

Be sure you get the genuine.

**DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO.,**  
 827 and 829 Broadway, New York.

HERMANN SCHAEFFER, President; ERNEST BECKER, Vice-President.



Note our Trade Mark Closely!

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

We ask attention to our Complete Assortment of

**FALL AND WINTER UNDERWEAR**

For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

These Sanitary garments are positively guaranteed to be all-wool of the finest quality; they are made under Dr. Jaeger's supervision, and sold by this Company and their authorized agents ONLY.

Send for explanatory, descriptive and illustrated Catalogue and price-list, free by mail.

Garments made to order, a Specialty. Mail orders promptly attended to.

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Co.,  
 827 and 829 Broadway, New York.

BRANCH: 119 Nassau St., Temple Court, New York; HOUSES: 1104 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**FACIAL BLEMISHES**

The largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pitting, Powder Marks, Facial Development, Sunken Cheeks, etc. Consultation free at office or by letter. 128 page book on all skin and scalp affections and their treatment sent to any address for 10 cts.

**JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist,**  
 125 West 42d St., New York City.

**WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP for the Skin and Scalp, at Druggists or by mail, 50 cents.**

EDUCATIONAL.

URSULINE ACADEMY,

Westchester Avenue, New York. One mile north of Harlem Bridge. Boarding and Day School for young ladies. This institution, in its plan of education, unites every advantage that can be derived from a punctual and conscientious care bestowed on the pupils, in every branch of science becoming to their sex. The scholastic year begins regularly on the first Monday of September; also first Monday in February. But scholars received at any time. For further particulars, circular, etc., address

M. DOMINICK, Superior.



**A Family Custom.**

Julian Ralph tells a story of an English laboring man's trial for wife-beating. His wife was in court with her eye bound up in a bandage very much stained with blood. The magistrate was very stern in his speech to the wife-beater. With fine effect of well-chosen words, and with scorn and loathing in his tone, he asked the wretch how he could strike a woman, and that woman the one he had sworn to protect. The manner in which the man received this was ludicrous. He listened to the court with pained surprise.

"Why, your ludship," said he, "I've lived with that woman fifteen year, and this is the first time I've drawn blood on her."

The magistrate had a strong sense of humor, and will tell that story many a year, but on the bench he heard the retort with apparent grave displeasure.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Last Home-Seekers' Excursion for 1890.**

The last opportunity of the season for inspecting the cheap farming, grazing, fruit raising, mineral and timber lands of Southwest Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Arkansas and Texas will take place October 14th. The Missouri Pacific Railway and "Iron Mountain Route" cover all portions of the above States with a splendid service of through coaches, free reclining chair cars, and Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars. Tickets are on sale at HALF RATES at coupon offices of all connecting lines in the North and East. Descriptive land pamphlets, county and sectional maps, time tables, etc., mailed free to any address. Write to Company's Agents or General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

**None of Them Got Left.**

"How do you enjoy your new house?"  
"Oh, immensely; my wife's perfectly satisfied with it."  
"By the way, what style is it?"  
"Anne's, my wife's; thirty-five closets, ten bay windows, five verandas."  
"What's the rest of it like?"  
"Oh, the rest of it's not worth mentioning."—Detroit Free Press.

**Harsh purgative remedies** are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

**A Long Felt Want.**

Newcomb—"It must be a pretty hard struggle for you to support a family of eighteen children."  
Kidder—"Oh, I make them pay their way. Hire 'em out to childless people who want to take the children to the circus to see tue animals."—Puck.

**He Dictated.**

An old negro, who had business in a lawyer's office, was asked if he could sign his name.

"How is dat, sah?"

"I asked," the lawyer answered, "if you can write your name?"

"Wall, no, sah; I never writes my name. I jes' dictates it, sah."—Ex.

We recommend Carter's Iron Pills to every woman who is weak, nervous and discouraged; particularly those who have thin, pale lips, cold hands and feet, and who are without strength or ambition. These are the cases for which Carter's Iron Pills are specially prepared, and this class cannot use them without benefit. Valuable for men also. In metal boxes, at 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. See advertisement elsewhere.

**The Picket Line.**

Veteran—"Did you say you were on picket duty during the entire war?"

Gouger—"Nearly; yes, sir."

"That's singular. What was your rank?"

"I was sutler's assistant; whenever there was a chicken to be dressed it was my duty to pick it."—Yonkers Gazette.

**A Model Railway.**

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R., operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.

**The Slang Box.**

The "slang-box" occupies a prominent place in many homes, and into it a penny or a nickel is dropped by the offender for each slang expression used. It is a very noticeable fact that the women contribute the greater part of the slang money.—Philadelphia Record.

**Cure for the Deaf.**

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

**Great Men on the Street.**

A small, gentlemanly person, plainly dressed and entirely unostentatious in his carriage, is moving along at an even gait, looking at the handsome houses, and occasionally addressing a few words to his companion, who is a lady. He raises his hat simply when a person bows to him, and he has to raise it pretty often, for this is the President of the United States taking a walk on Connecticut avenue, Washington. He is fond of his constitutional, but he does not walk

rapidly, and his movement partakes more of the nature of a stroll than of a serious walk.

A little farther down the street you encounter a tall, well-dressed man, his hat cocked over his eyes, walking rapidly, as though he was going somewhere and not idly exercising. His step is springy and he swings a little.

This is James G. Blaine. He bows hastily to a young man whom he meets.

The young man is clothed in fashionable garments of sober tints, he wears eyeglasses, and holds his head high in the air and takes in the prospect, and sees everything and everybody. His toes are well turned out, his step is quick and athletic—in keeping with his whole appearance, which is one of alertness.

This is Theodore Roosevelt, civil service commissioner, author, reformer, ex-member of the Legislature, defeated candidate for mayor of New York.

Father down town, bowling along toward the Shoreham Hotel, where his quarters are, in the company of some admiring friend who hangs upon his ready remarks, comes the ponderous form of the speaker, "Tom" Reed.

His large feet tread the uneven sidewalk with certainty, and heavily; he rolls a little from side to side, his joints rather loose, but the figure is one of powerful manhood. The eyes are quick, conscious of the gaze of people, and ready to recognize a familiar face. He wears a flat, broad-heeled shoe; there is no personal vanity about this man, and there is a look of responsibility and power in his large, full face.—Exchange.

**"The Century" in 1891.**

Besides the great series on "The Gold Hunters of California," written by survivors of the pioneers of '49, the coming volume of THE CENTURY will contain advance extracts from the famous Talleyrand Memoirs; the narrative of an American's remarkable journey through Tibet; adventures of war prisoners; articles on "Lincoln's Personal Traits," "American Newspapers," described by noted journalists; accounts of "Indian Fights and Fighters;" papers on "Municipal Government," and novels by Edward Eggleston, Frank R. Stockton and others.

Can you afford to do without THE CENTURY in 1891? To have it costs \$4.00; to do without it costs a knowledge of the best in literature and art. The new volume begins with the number for November, 1890. All dealers, postmasters and the publishers take subscriptions.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.

**LEGGAT BROS.'**

Cheapest Bookstore in the World

**MILLION**

**BOOKS, RARE, CURIOUS AND CURRENT, ON HAND.**

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS BOUGHT. LIBRARIES FURNISHED CHEAPER THAN ANY BOOKSTORE IN THE WORLD.

Mammoth Catalogue furnished upon application.

**LEGGAT BROTHERS, 81 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK.**

Third door west of City Hall Park.

**CHILDREN**

Are always liable to sudden and severe colds, to croup, sore throat, lung fever, etc. Remedies, to be effective, must be administered without delay. Nothing is better adapted for such emergencies than **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, relieves coughing, and induces sleep. The prompt use of this medicine has saved innumerable lives, both of young and old.

"One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it

**Strangling.**

It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicine it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."—C. J. Wooldridge, Wortham, Texas.

For colds, coughs, bronchitis, asthma, and the early stages of consumption, take

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,**

PREPARED BY

**DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

**JEWELRY.**

Watch Clubs and Installment frauds exposed. For discussion send for Catalogue, free. E. P. PERCIVAL, Watchmaker, 221 N. 8th St., Phila., Pa. 20-year Gold filled Keystone Watches \$15. Elgin, Waltham, Rockford, Springfield Works, \$1 extra. Mention Siftings

**Roman Gilt Necklace.**

For 15 cents we will send, postpaid, a pure ROMAN GILT BEAD NECKLACE and a sample copy of the ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE, the great Western magazine of the day, full of good reading, Original Stories, Health Papers and Home Talks. Address T. J. GILMORE, Publisher, 901 Oliver Street, St. Louis, Mo. TEXAS SIFTINGS and MAGAZINE sent one year for \$4.



**"Down With High Prices." SEWING MACHINES FROM \$40 TO \$10!** Prices Lower than the Lowest on Buggies, Carts, Sleighs, Harness. \$5.00 Family or Store Scale, \$1.00 A 240-lb. Farmers' Scale, 3.00 Farmers, do your own Repairs. Forge and Kit of Tools, \$20.00 1000 other Articles at Half Price. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

**THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED \$15 TYPEWRITER** Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Depart., Point Mfg. Co., Boston, New York Chicago.



**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**

**The United States****Mutual Accident Association**

is the largest because the public has learned that it is the best.

\$100,000 Emergency Fund deposited with the Atlantic Trust Company of New York.

Over \$2,000,000 paid in losses since organization.

320, 322 AND 324 BROADWAY,  
NEW YORK.

JAMES R. PITCHER, Secretary.

CHAS. B. PEET, President.



## VERSES NEW AND OLD.

## THE AUTHOR'S REASON.



His hair and legs were very long,  
His head was small; so was his wit;  
He wrote a book, because, he said,  
The world had need of it.

And with a moral purpose wrote  
This man of little head and wit:  
To cheer the fainting heart of man,  
And lift him heavenward from the pit;  
He wrote it for the good o' the world,  
And copyrighted it.

—Earnest Ownway.

## THIS MISFIT WORLD.

When girls are ugly babies then their mammas  
quite insist  
That they by us against our wills be  
Kissed,  
Kissed,  
Kissed;  
But when the girls are sweet sixteen their mammas  
say we shant,  
And though we'd like to kiss them then, we  
Can't,  
Can't,  
Can't!

—Chicago Post.

## A DREAM OF FAIR CHILDREN.

The little kings and queens of old,  
The baby princes fair,  
Drift like a pageant through my dreams,  
As down a palace stair,  
They lift their wise or wistful eyes,  
Then melt away in air.

A child above a missal bends  
Beside his mother's knee—  
Fair Alfred, always great and good—  
And just behind I see  
The six boy kings of Dunstan's time  
Pass swiftly—three and three.

And Arthur, child of fate, and she  
Of Normandy the flower;  
And Joan of Arc, the mystic child;  
And the princes in the tower;  
And sweet Jane Grey, the martyred maid,  
Who reigned her little hour.

And see! Along the vales of France,  
And through the Saxon lands,  
The children of the holy cross  
Flow past in chanting bands;  
The shade of doom is on their brows,  
The cross is in their hands.

Oh, little children of the past,  
Your tender smiles and tears,  
Your royal rights, your cruel wrongs,  
Your childish hopes and fears,  
Still melt our hearts to love and pain  
Through all the dust of years.

—Harper's Young People.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## Theatrical Census Applied to "Society" Actresses.

What excuse have you for going on the stage?

Vanity.

To elevate it, or be elevated by it?

How absurd! To elevate it, of course.

What led you to this step?

Amateur theatricals, society papers, and the admiration of discriminating friends, who say I can bring the Prince of Wales to my feet. That is the ambition of all women in American society.

What was your previous condition of servitude?

A wife and mother.

Husband alive or dead?

Alive, unfortunately.

Doesn't he support you?

Of course he does; but I want the earth, and, as his income is limited to one continent only, we are not affinities.

How many children?

Two.

What sex?

Both.

What ages?

Four and six.

What will you do with them?

Leave them with their father and grandmother. Genius must be unfettered.

Is not duty—?

Don't talk to me about duty. Duty is intended for those who can do nothing else. Genius knows no duty. It is a law unto itself.

If you should fail?

There is no such word in my lexicon. See me in Lady Macbeth, and you will ask no such question.

In what rôle will you make your début?

Juliet.

What henceforth will be your object in life?

Applause and the centre of the stage.

How, then, do you elevate the profession you adopt?

By deigning to be associated with it, though of course I'll not mix with other actresses. They don't belong to my set.

Suppose your set cuts you?

I'll anticipate such a movement by cutting them.

How will you attract the general public?

By doing something that will get me talked about in the papers.

But this is not elevating the stage!

Evidently you were born yesterday, and don't understand your business. My leading man is waiting to take me to rehearsal. Good-morning.—Kate Field's Washington.

## The Best Man in the World.

Well, if not positively the best, one of the wisest is he who checks disease at the start in his own system. In preserving or restoring the heaven-granted gift of health, he deserves profound consideration. His example is worthy to be imitated. The complaints which afflict us are largely attributable to a want of tone in the stomach, either inherent or inflicted by ourselves upon that much abused repository of the food that should nourish us. What is its requirement in adversity? A wholesome tonic. None so good, if we rely upon experience and testimony, as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Unmedicated stimulants won't do. Regulation, as well as invigoration of the digestive viscera, is not to be effected by these. Through the agency of the stomachic named, strength of the entire system is retrenched—dyspepsia and biliousness overcome. Malarial, kidney, bladder and rheumatic complaints are eradicated by this salutary reformer of ill health.

## Labor Saving Device.

Johnson—"My fortune is made! I have struck a brilliant idea."

Thompson—"What is it?"

"I have got a patent on a new style of marriage certificate. It has a divorce coupon attached to it."—Light.

## Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.



## CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

## SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

## HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

## ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

## A GREAT COMBINATION.

*Texas Siftings*

(Illustrated) The Great Humorous Paper, The Witty Wonder of the Age.

OFFER No. 683.

With a mail order on this offer for 1,000



Cigars at \$35 per 1,000, or any other of our Cigars worth \$30 per thousand and upward, which may be all of one brand or assorted to suit, we will, upon request, send to your address, post-paid, the three following papers: *America*, *Texas Siftings* and the *Chicago Weekly Times* for one year.

R. W. Tansill & Co.,  
35 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

Ask your store-keeper for a bundle of COLGAN'S TAFFY-TOLU. It's delicious.

DYSPEPTICS (incurable preferred) wanted. POPP'S POLIKLINIK, Philadelphia, Pa. Book free. Mention TEXAS SIFTINGS.

**\$230** A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best-selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address N. A. MARSH, Detroit, Mich.

**\$525** Agents' profits per month. Will prove it or pay forfeit. New portraits just out. A \$3.50 Sample sent free to all. W. H. Chidester & Son, 28 Bond St., N. Y.

**AGENTS** Wanted. Liberal Salary Paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

**CARDS** LATEST STYLES, BEST PREMIUMS, 25¢ COSTLY OUTFIT, GLOBE CARD CO., CENTERBROOK, CONN. **FREE**

**ASTHMA-HAY FEVER CURED.** A TRIAL PACKAGE FREE. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

A MILLION BOOKS, rare, curious, current, in stock. Almost given away. Libraries supplied cheaper than at any book store in the world. Librarian and books bought. Mammoth Catalogue free. LEGGAT BROTHERS, 81 Chambers Street, 3d door West of City Hall Park, New York.

## OPIUM CURSE!

Enslaving thousands. Habitués, your chains broken and a perfect cure effected quickly and painlessly. No Lost Sleep, Pain, Nervousness or Exposure, by Dr. KANE'S New Method. Dr. Kane was for years head of the great DeQuincy Hospital. Cure guaranteed or money refunded. Book with testimony of 300 doctors free. Dr. H. KANE, 174 Fulton St., N. Y.

**WASHBURN •**  
Guitars, Mandolins & Zithers  
in volume and quality of tone are the best in the world. Librarian to wear in any climate. Sold by all leading dealers. Beautifully illustrated, descriptive catalogue with portraits of famous artists MAILED FREE. LYON & HEALY, CHICAGO.

## PATTERN FREE.

By Special Arrangement with DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE, the Greatest of all Magazines, we are enabled to make every one of our lady readers a handsome present. Cut out this slip and inclose it with a two-cent stamp for return postage, and your name and address to W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York, and you will receive by return mail a full-size pattern, illustrated and fully described, of this Jacket (worth 25c). It can be made as a perfectly plain jacket, or as illustrated. Cross out with pencil the size desired. Bust, 34, 36, 38, or 40 inches. While Demorest's is not a Fashion Magazine, many suppose it to be because its Fashion Department, like all its other Departments, is so perfect. You really get a dozen Magazines in one, every month, for \$2 per year.

**IMPERIAL** P. & P. Stamp with name 10 cts. Self-Inker 30c. CLUB of 14 postpaid for \$1 bill. Marks Linen, Cards, Papers, Everything. New Agents make BIG Money. Terms Free.

## "1 of the 30."

ACCORDING TO THE NEWSPAPER DIRECTORIES, THERE ARE PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES OVER

16,000 Newspapers & Magazines

OF THESE ONLY THIRTY

HAVE A CIRCULATION OF OVER

100,000 each issue.

*Texas Siftings*

IS ONE OF THE THIRTY.

CIRCULATION now over 150,000.

SEE THE FOLLOWING AUTHORITIES:

The American Newspaper Directory  
Published by Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,  
New York.

The American Newspaper Annual,  
Published by N. W. Ayer & Son,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Advertisers' Guide,  
Published by J. H. Bates, New York.

The Newspaper Catalogue,  
Published by Alden & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, AND

All other Newspaper Lists & Rate Books.

## OVER HALF A MILLION WEEKLY READERS!

TEXAS SIFTINGS has subscribers at almost every post-office in the United States. — It is therefore, a family paper.

TEXAS SIFTINGS is sold on Railroad Trains. — It is, therefore, the Travelers' favorite paper.

All Newspaper Dealers sell TEXAS SIFTINGS. It is, therefore, a popular and a National paper.

TEXAS SIFTINGS is handsomely printed and illustrated. It is, therefore, not thrown aside.

An average of not less than 100 persons read each copy of TEXAS SIFTINGS. — It is, therefore, never thrown aside.



**Too Long an Engagement.**

Wings—"As a rule I consider long engagements the best. But there's one couple whose speedy union would fill a long-felt want in this country."

Whangs—"Who are they?"

Wings—"Joe and Annie Rooney."—St. Joseph News.

**Banana Fritters.**

Pare, split, and cut in two, six bananas; sprinkle the pieces with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the juice of an orange, and let them stand for an hour. Make a batter with the fruit juice, a small cup of flour, one egg, a little milk, and a teaspoonful of butter; dip and fry. The most delicious of dainties, have no attraction for the individual who has no appetite and suffers with dyspepsia. Ayer's Sarsaparilla improves the appetite and aids digestion.

The National Shipmate has been published in Cincinnati, but, salt water being necessary for its existence, it has drifted to New York. "Bright, Breezy and Loyal" is no word for it. She's a clipper, a frigate, a squadron and the whole veteran navy—while the Ancient Mariner is a boy alongside of her Barnacle editor. We had a half hour's conversation with him two weeks ago, and have been smelling tar and bilge water ever since.

**A Map of the United States.**

A large handsome map of the United States, mounted and showing North and South Dakota, and suitable for office or home use and issued by the BURLINGTON ROUTE, will be furnished responsible parties free on application to P. S. Eustis, Gen'l. Pass. and Ticket Agent C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

## Arnold, Constable & Co.

# CARPETS

### PERSIAN & INDIAN RUGS.

**OUR FALL collection of these goods contains some extra choice specimen pieces and ANTIQUES.**

**AXMINSTER WHOLE CARPETS.**

**Orders solicited and designs specially prepared.**

**SKIN RUGS AND MATS.**

**In this collection will be found a few very fine Lion and Tiger Skins, mounted by the best artists.**

**LOWELL BRUSSELS,**

**Royal Wiltons,  
SCOTCH AXMINSTERS,**

**Moquettes & Ingrains,**

**OIL CLOTHS & COCOA MATS.**

**Broadway & 19th St**

NEW YORK.

**Mrs. Tom Thumb.**

Mrs. General Tom Thumb, better known as such than as the Countess Magri, is not on too good terms with her late titled spouse. At least, so one would judge on having a room next to them in a hotel, where their voices become somewhat shrill when they argue over the gross receipts of the previous night. They, in common with an Egyptian juggler with a Hibernian accent, have a small novelty entertainment, and the swell Baron Magri makes the announcements in lieu of programmes. This remarkable little woman looks aged and worn, and has the figure of a stout woman of fifty—in miniature, of course. She drives along the country sidewalks, as of yore, in a neat duplicate of the coupe given her by Queen Victoria, driven by an ugly little groom. After listening to the kick made by her grace, I was regaled by the quarrels between the little woman and the Count during the entire night. The following evening I trotted over to see them "act," and afterwards went into the hotel office for a cigar. As I stood by the desk I saw a small ring of smoke float upwards, and seemingly from the floor, and a small voice cry out:

"Will you please to call me early in ze morning?"

The clerk looked nervous and a dead silence came from the bell boy. Presently the voice shouted out piercingly:

"Do you 'ear me?"

A good natured cabby coming in from his struggles with the village hack picked up the voice and set it on the counter. It turned out to be the Count Magri. And very mad he was, too. The glare that the little beggar gave the cabby was enough to down him. The Count insisted on getting down himself, and nearly broke his neck in his descent. His family pride, however, would not permit him to be assisted by his inferiors. Her Ladyship is not particularly happy in matrimonial ventures, as it is well known the late Stratton, or "Tom Thumb," was not at all temperate in his habits, and every evening saw him scaling the leg of a billiard table, and, after reaching the perilous height, playing till dawn, or until his companions were asleep. One half of his fortune was lost in this fashion, and his little wife was frequently seen sailing into billiard rooms after him, urging him to pull up and come home.—New York Truth.



SCRAMBLING FOR IT.

Here is a good-natured tussle for a cake of Pears' Soap, which only illustrates how necessary it becomes to all persons who have once tried it and discovered its merits. Some who ask for it have to contend for it in a more serious way, and that too in drug stores where all sorts of inferior soaps, represented "as just as good," are urged upon them as substitutes. But there is nothing "just as good," and they can always get Pears' Soap if they will be as persistent as are these urchins.

*Shun Misrepresentations.*

"You have no sisters, Mr. Cilley, have you?"

"I never had until this summer," said Cilley, sadly. "I've got seven now."—New York Herald.

First Kansas Man—"Hello! Did you rain down?"

Second Kansas Man—"No. Traveled in the usual way. Blew down."—New York Weekly.

## Electric Belt Free!

To introduce it, the undersigned will give away to those who are sick or ailing or suffering from weakness or disease, and who would be likely to make good agents, if cured, one of our German Electro-Galvanic Belts; regular price \$5 (U. S. Patent 357,647), invented by Prof. P. H. Van Derweyde, Pres. of N. Y. Electrical Society and late Professor of Chemistry of N. Y. Medical College. \$500 Reward for any Belt we manufacture that does not generate a genuine Electric current. They are daily making most marvelous cures in cases of Rheumatism, Liver, Stomach and Kidney Diseases, Lung Troubles, Nervous Debility, Loss of Power, Premature Old Age, and many other ailments in which medicine fails.

Address at once,

German Electric Belt Agency, P. O. Box 178 Brooklyn, N. Y.



# A Wonderful Medicine.

**WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.**

## BEECHAM'S PILLS!

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX!

### Beecham's Pills

For Bilious Attacks.

### Beecham's Pills

For Nervous Disorders.

### Beecham's Pills

For Indigestion in all its forms.

### Beecham's Pills

For Wind and Pains in the Stomach.

### Beecham's Pills

Have saved the lives of Thousands.

### Beecham's Pills

Are the Best Medicine for Female Complaints.

### Beecham's Pills

For Giddiness.

### Beecham's Pills

For Fulness and Swelling after Meals.

### Beecham's Pills

Are adapted for Old and Young.

### Beecham's Pills

For Dizziness and Drowsiness.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

THE GREAT

ENGLISH

REMEDY.



CHEAP,

PAINLESS,

EFFECTUAL.

"Worth a Guinea a Box"

But Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents.

*A Wonderful Medicine*

FOR ALL

**Bilious AND Nervous Disorders**

SUCH AS

**Sick Headache,  
Constipation,  
Weak Stomach,  
Impaired Digestion,  
Disordered Liver, &c.**

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.  
B. F. ALLEN CO., Sole Agents for United States, 365 & 367 Canal St., New York,  
who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price 25cts.—  
but inquire first. Correspondents will please mention this publication.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS!

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE!

### Beecham's Pills

For Cold Chills, and Flushings of Heat.

### Beecham's Pills

Will restore the Rosebud of Health to Every One who Uses them.

### Beecham's Pills

For Costiveness and Scurvy.

### Beecham's Pills

For Blotches on the Skin.

### Beecham's Pills

For Disturbed Sleep and Frightful Dreams.

### Beecham's Pills

The First Dose gives Relief in 20 minutes.

### Beecham's Pills

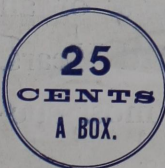
Are the Best Medicine in the World.

### Beecham's Pills

For Sick Headache.

### Beecham's Pills

Are recommended by Medical Men.



# Beecham's Pills

have been before the public for half a century, and are to be found in every English-speaking country; they have by far the largest sale of any patent medicine in the world.

MANUFACTURED BY

**THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.**

**B. F. ALLEN & CO.,**

Sole Agents for the United States,

No. 365 & 367 Canal Street, New York.






# PEARS' SOAP



a Specialty for Children.

**Pears'** Soap has maintained its reputation as the best of all Toilet Soaps for more than One Hundred Years.

It represents A CENTURY'S EXPERIENCE of the most successful achievements in the Art and Craft of Fine Soap Making.

 Insist on having PEARS' Soap. Substitutes are sometimes recommended by druggists and storekeepers for the sole purpose of making more profit out of you. Shun misrepresentations.